

NUGGET

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Editor: **DAVID CHOD**
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FRIDAY: Rendezvous at the Continental Hilton in Mexico City and get acquainted cocktail party.

SATURDAY: Sumptuous welcome to Mexico breakfast, Sight-seeing at the Lava Gardens followed by dinner and Jai Alai.

SUNDAY: A picnic lunch and gondola ride to the floating gardens of Xochimilco. Then, the thrilling bull-fights and after dark a cocktail party at a private home.

MONDAY: Go it alone, with a companion or with the group on offbeat sight-seeing and discovery and return at night to the Hilton for a wonderful dinner and show.

TUESDAY: Motor trip to Taxco, shopping in the town's famous silver stores. Then poolside cocktail party at the De la Borda.

WEDNESDAY: Motor on to "The Riviera of the Pacific," Acapulco, where you'll stay at the famous Acapulco Hilton and spend an evening on the town.

THURSDAY: Exhibition of high-diving from the Acapulco cliffs. Later, a buffet luncheon at the exotic La Concha Beach Club.

FRIDAY: Afternoon yacht cruise around the bay with dancing and cocktails aboard followed by a Farewell to Acapulco cocktail party.

SATURDAY: From Acapulco back to Mexico City with a stopover in beautiful Cuernavaca and in the evening a farewell cocktail and dinner party at Delmonico's.

SUNDAY: Hasta Luego. But don't forget to get the important phone numbers and addresses before you enplane for your homeward flight. Be a part of the most talked about 10 day Mexican Holiday ever created for the very low price of \$228 (plus air fare). But hurry, for this offer must necessarily be limited and is on a first come first serve basis. Nugget's Mexican Holiday begins August 2nd.



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HIMES (page 30)



CONOVER (page 4)

THE MAN'S WORLD

Every man in this country has at one time or another felt a pang where he lives when some nyloned necessity has carried on about an Englishman. It's usually the voice that particularly sends our overly perfumed friend but she isn't shy about creaming over his manners, grace, wit, charm, logic and general superhumanity either. We have nursed a grudge for more than a decade about this bitter phenomenon and feel the time has arrived for some straight spleen about those oh so civilized second-raters who live their tidy little lives across the sea. (Until they come sniffing for the gravy over here.)

Most American men feel that contemporary Englishmen are acting out some fairy-tale kind of ballet when you observe them chirping away at a social gathering. Their demeanor seems so flawless that the average intelligent U.S. male usually feels like a coarse slob as he sullenly stands, drink in hand, listening to the effortless jabber flying out of the mouths of these graying, wind-up toys. Let's consider the voice first, that subtle, betraying instrument which so enchants the giddy butterflies we rightfully want to pin into our collection. The typical well-educated Englishman's voice is orderly, controlled, modulated and speaks in *clichés*.

The so-called civilized quality that this Ronald Colemanish voice is supposed to stand for does not encourage the *new* but instead has learned how to put a gloss on experience that it is essentially *bored* by. Only our most pomp-deflating, sharp chicks immediately sense the sterility that emanates from these English male models (even if they're 70) who obviously have come over here to refresh their tinny spirits at the waterfall of our rich, adventurous, neurotic but sexy atmosphere. Have you ever noticed how *thin* a contemporary Englishman's tone is as put up against a hick from our own air-conditioned backwoods? This thinness is not merely a matter of texture; it declares as

clearly as a bell that the culture which nurtured this instrument lacks the vitality, weight, mass, scope and impact which shaped our speech.

But voice is only the outward expression of an entire way of life that is foreign to 95% of the men in this country. Except for the tiny minority of American men who issue from the very rich, and go through a ritual of English-style education that includes every silly imitation, the class structure on which high "British style" is based is repugnant to the basic values of this society. And yet the snobbish female notion of American men's plainness persists long after the facts indicate that Englishmen are about as genuinely exciting as chocolate soldiers.

Girls—one would like to ask—why do you think those elegant (and opportunistic) English types have flocked to this crude land in such droves, since the '50s, if they truly held the key to the posh way of life? Because they were bored, dear. Because they were desiccated, exhausted with their own culture, tired of their own metallic language, and fascinated by the very frankness and honesty which the undistinguished American ruffian exudes without thinking twice. By submitting themselves to our speedy, vigorous, variety-packed daily movie of a life they thought that they could capture some of it for themselves, and actually be reborn to swing in the American tempo.

It is for this reason that the female pandering to British style seems to us such a farce: we know a dozen Englishmen who have come over here for the very motives we've mentioned. Yes, they are sweet guys some of them—humorous, gentle, witty—but essentially they are conservative, ingrown and quietly prejudiced in a cast-iron way that is immutably opposite to the wide-open, experimental approach that colors the very blood over here. A stabbing example of what we've been saying was the appearance on TV

of David Susskind's latest English pet (and he seems to adore them in his foolish, fawning way), theater and film director Peter Glenville. Cool-as-a-corpse Glenville let it be known—after being encouraged by the English-kissing Susskind, who pathetically associates true class with a broad A—that the American actors he had come over here to direct spent entirely too much time torturing their roles for hidden meaning. All very touching, condescended Mr. Glenville, but a wee touch self-indulgent and rather unprofessional. Why, a well-trained English cast would have knocked off in a week what his soulful Americans agonized for a month of rehearsals!

No one on Susskind's panel peeled back Glenville's skindeep generalizations, no one pointed out that his tidy notions of life and theater were about as pertinent as the Boy Scout oath to an adult when applied to the perpetual need for Americans to reach their own judgements out of actual experience. There is no traditional scheme of values for the American to recline upon, in the *chaise longue* manner of a Glenville, so he must sculpt it all for himself out of his own reality. This leads to mess, yes, but who is to say that it doesn't also make for a more passionate investigation of life, one which brings inspiration to areas that were traditionally considered mechanical?

The contemporary Englishman gives us stereotypes where the American craves the original. His lordship's manner has been framed and dulled by the repetitious experience of centuries. His "breeding" and "composure" lead nowhere but to the past, his "good form" is no longer a virtue but rather the shell of a style that *conceals* the individual instead of opening him up to the limit of his mortal potential. Make no mistake about it: our beings are light-years apart from his and even the skirts might one day be glad we are we.

The Editors

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JAZZ CLUBS

COURTESY VS. GORILLA TACTICS

To keep my nose above the waters our enlightened New York divorce laws have put me into, I must work two jobs, in two cities, 10 days a week (three days are double shift). I'm not counting the evenings I spend in jazz nightclubs, which is part of my business but a pleasure too—sometimes. It depends on where you go.

And I'm not talking about the music, or the drinks, or the prices. But when I bring money into your club, I want courtesy. Don't overdo it. Just seat me and serve me and I'll pay your prices. And if I'm breaking one of your little rules, learn to use the words "I'm sorry, sir, but—" and tell me nicely what's bugging you. If you can manage two things at once, you'll find an ingenious set of muscles on either side of your mouth which, when flexed, will open your mouth horizontally at the same time those other overworked muscles are operating it vertically. It's called smiling. It's what the tip is for.

Now, you can get a smile in Birdland, no matter how busy they are. The waiters get to you fast, they smile as they take your order, and they'll walk in front of the performers to get your drink to you quickly.

The Village Vanguard waiters are just a bit slower when you want a second drink—it's a little hard to see in the Vanguard—but they're courteous enough.

The hardest place to get served seems to be the Village Gate. As this means fewer drinks sold, it's a bigger problem for Art D'Lugoff, the owner, than for the customer. But the Gate has the politest waiters of all. The only time there's a scene is when a table gets too loud for the music. Then D'Lugoff invites them to leave, and God bless him for that.

Best of all is the Half Note. There's only one waiter. His name is Al. Al covers both rooms of the Half Note, alone. Al is so courteous it's almost a travesty. Whatever you order, it's "My greatest pleasure, sir." He's back with your order in less than a minute—he's been clocked at 12 seconds—saying, "Sorry you hadda wait, sir." (He was held up en route, beating smokers to a match at four other tables.)

Al could make friends even for the Metropole.

One of the pleasures of living in New York City is having access to live performances by artists whose records you dig. The new Philips label record by Woody Herman and his orchestra is the

best big band record I've heard in months, and Woody's band is the best he has led in 17 years. When the Herman orchestra goes to the Metropole, as it often does, I go there too.

The managers, standing just inside the entrance, have seen me come in often enough to recognize me. They're generally quite affable.

One of the table captains, the one with the mustache, is cordial. And there's one pleasant bartender, dark-haired, and with mustache.

But the other carnies...

I came in during Woody's first set. The Metropole was about a third full; most tables were unoccupied. I seated myself at a table against the wall. An old guy waddled over immediately—he'd ignored me when I'd stood there waiting—and snarled, "Can I help you?" in a tone that meant, "What the hell do you think you're doing there?"

"Yes," I said, "I'll have a beer."

"You can't sit there!" he said. "These tables are only for four people!"

"Well, then," I said, ruffled, "bring three girls."

"You're in the wrong place, buddy. You belong over in New Jersey."

Afterwards (it's always afterwards, isn't it?), I wished I had said bring the manager, then told the manager I'll pay four cover charges, meanwhile tell this bastard to say "I'm sorry, sir, but I must reserve these tables for parties of four," and in a tone that sounds like he is sorry. But the *Herald Tribune's* jazz critic, George Simon, who was nearby, invited me to his table, so I cooled it.

Later another man made the same mistake. The old guy waved his arms and told him, "Get up from there! You can't sit there!" What the devil was wrong with the fellow's sitting there? They could have asked him to move later, if the table was needed. There were six empty tables, and no parties-of-four waiting. I burned all over again.

This was one evening. But walk in any evening. One bartender will fix you with a you-lousy-bastard sneer he copied from Lee J. Cobb, or vice versa. Another bartender, his face intent with what looks like hate, will shoot his arm out through the crowd and shout "Whatta ya want! You there! Whatta ya want!"

Tell him, "I'll order in a minute," and you get, "You can't stand there unless you buy a drink!" The point is, I'd like to have a drink, but without the hammer-lock.

I wonder if Woody could fit his band onto the Half Note stand.

Willis Conover

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ENTERTAINMENT

FILMWISE, WE'RE DOING IT TO THE RUSSIANS

In my filmgoing salad days, when Eisenstein and the 42nd Street Stanley were the avant (and when directors Truffaut and Chabrol were presumably exchanging furtive looks at choice French postcard art in the *lycee* hallroom), the Russians had a stock character for satirizing *Our Way of Life*: the American crooner. The model for this, as I remember, was old Rudy Vallee. It was in retrospect a forced target.

Today, with the likes of such as *Taras Bulba*, we are doing it to them. But solemnly and unconsciously. In epic form and in Eastman color.

Taras Bulba is a Hollywood version of a Russian Eastern. Gogol's fine romantic tale (Sainte-Beuve called it a *Cossack Iliad*) reduced to junkyard situations of good guys vs. bad guys, not at the pass but on the steppe. Except for the quality of horsemanship, which if not 100 proof Cossack is at least 90 proof Hollywood, all the rest is about as true to its source as a George Lincoln Rockwell treatment of the Hebrews in the desert.

But that is a minor point, you don't look for history in a brothel. The casting, there's something you have to see to believe! When Tony Curtis (as Andrey, son of Taras, and a novitiate at the big Kiev seminary) is told by his father superior to "Remove your cassock and prostrate yourself," the Ebbets Field leer of boyish hurt Tony gives the holy man is enough to dim every candle in St. Basil's (hard by the Kremlin).

And when Tony makes love to a young Polish princess (she of an enemy clan, the Poles are occupiers) you have a transplant of Romeo-Juliet on the steppes with Tony-Romeo drooling such pearls as: "You are not of my peoples' enemies; you are of my kind; you are my love." Which lines, if not exactly designed to ease East-West tensions, is not going to do for Russo-Polish tensions either.

But the real thespian prize is Tony's jousting with papa Bulba, played by (who else?) Yul Brynner. Tony, his marcelled black hair and eyebrows showing on screen like neon velvet, calling out "Papa . . ." (in froggy voice, offkey as an untuned bull fiddle) "Papa . . ." and again "Papa," at a reunion outside the Bulba hutment. And then Bulba son and pere wrasslin' each other to the ground, in one of about a half dozen (I lost count) "No *paapa*, the seminary did

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Because of this "gentle-ing" process,
continued right-hand column, next page

not make me a softie" grapples.

And Yul, skulking around in orange parachutesilk drawers, drawers wide and billowy as the very steppes, skintight skull from which hangs a goody yard of saussed hair, handlebars that droop deep as a ravine; and Yul giving out with the "Zaporoshi-eee" (the goods) war-cry against the Polish *hetman* (the bad); well, Yul is Yul; from the old Cossack *shetel*. As vodka-drinkin', barbecued-meat-eatin', on-husback-fightin' an hombre as ever came off the Eastern range. And there's Sam Wanamakerski, a sort of chicken-colonel Cossack fire-eater second only to Yul, with the wildest goosiest set of face whiskers this side of a Smith Bros. coughdrops box. Sam in drawers less billowy than Yul's, but with a war-cry that's wilder by at least a half dozen "eee's." And to round out the blini-in-thick-cream (from Chasen's) cast, watch for the only true Russian *sabra* on the lot, Vladimir Sokoloff, who plays an elder statesman Cossack. Central casting or no, Vladimir bears the enemy with all the foxy bravura of old Klim Voroshilov sabering down General Kornilov and the Whites.

Of course it can be said, as a cop-out, that Hollywood has been too busy mining (and you can make that "ruining," and not lose the sense) the Bible (*King of K's, Barabbas, Sodom and Gomorrah*) to get into the mood of mining remoter areas of costume splash. The Russian scene is a particular toughie: you know how enigma-cloaked they are to us even today, for all that we boast as fine a corps of hot-stove Kremlinologists as exists west of the Wall.

True, they've been in the precinct before. There was a few seasons ago that hero-sandwich of a *The Brothers Karamazov*, where the kidney-pool scripters didn't so much do it to the Russians as to Dostoevsky. But what could they do with 'em, going way back to the 15th century, with all that Cossack plumbing on the outside?

All told, *Taras* is a two-hour bowl of cinema borscht that revenges us for the way the Russky filmmakers used to put down our singing son of Sigma Hiya.

Item: Gold Medal is out with a paperback, what they call an "original," taken from the Waldo Salt-Karl Tunberg movie treatment (for which Salt-Tunberg are supposed to have received 75 thou' each) of *Taras Bulba*. The literary fence is one Robert W. Krepps. The man has, as they say at Lindy's, plenty *chutzpah*. (He also did to *El Cid*, from the movie of the same name, for Gold Medal.)

Sidney Bernard

BOOKS

The National Book Award has been given to this remarkable novel, *Morte d'Urban* by J. F. Powers (Doubleday and Company, \$4.50), which reminds one of Saint-Simon's reporting of Louis XIV's 17th century housing development, Versailles, Proust's more gossipy moments, Evelyn Waugh's most humorous anecdotes, Sybille Bedford's driest, champagne best; yet J. F. Powers is himself, his style is as individual and delicious as a grape's best year.

The milieu is Catholic, the tone modern, the geographical location Midwestern. Father Urban is an 18th century priest: worldly, energetic, aristocratic, clever. Father Boniface is a cleric of the regular-fellow school. Both belong to the Order of St. Clement. To Father Urban it seems "that the Order of St. Clement labored under mediocrity, and had done so almost from the beginning. In Europe the Clementines hadn't (it was always said) recovered from the French Revolution. It was certain that they hadn't ever really got going in the New World. Their history revealed little to brag about—one saint (the Holy Founder) and a few bishops of missionary sees, no theologians worthy of the name, no original thinkers, not even a scientist. The Clementines were unique in that they were noted for nothing at all. They were in bad shape all over the world. The Chicago province was probably better off than the others, but that wasn't saying much."

Father Boniface wants the Order "beefed up." Father Urban wants to "raise the tone." Father Boniface resorts to pamphlets and slogans—"God is Our Sponsor" is the Order's radio program. Father Urban, in an excess of zeal and energy, wants to see exceptional men in the novitiate. He does not always succeed. "He had overshot the mark on occasion—two of his recruits had proved to be homosexual and one homicidal—and most of them, of course, simply came and went."

Father Boniface would utilize the methods of the century and the culture to mold his organization, like any capable administrator of modern business; Father Urban aims for dizzier, higher goals, more historic than immediate. The Catholic dandy, impeccable, gifted, versus the lowest common denominator of assembly-line standards. The aristocrat versus the man *qui s'embourgeoise*.

The predicament is neither uniquely Midwestern nor Catholic: it is this cen-



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tury's malaise, common to all countries. The incidents which happen to the varied cast of characters are commonplace. The taste with which the ordinary is dissected is uncommon, and uncommonly funny. The author's eye for the absurd is firmly rooted in observable phenomena.

"The next day, as it turned out, Father Urban had to meet Billy (and Paul) in the pickup truck. He had the promise of Monsignor Renton's Imperial, but he had to drive to Great Plains to get it—and the pickup truck simply refused to start until it was too late for him to do anything but go to the station. 'A comedy of errors!' he cried before Billy (or Paul) could hear him, and ran up to shake Billy's hand. A smile did for Paul. Billy was wearing a tan suit of whatever cloth it was the Army used in warm weather, a primrose shirt, with dotted navy-blue tie, and a dark straw hat with a dark straw band. Paul was wearing the pants to his off-black whipcord chauffeur's suit and a conservative sports shirt. He had on a silly straw cap that Father Urban disliked intensely." Nabokov? *Lolita*? No. It's J. F. Powers, who uses language, but never plays with it, and is the peer of any humorous writer in English.

Many protest mediocrity and boredom in society: beatniks, bohemians, hipsters, arty young moderns—and dandies, aesthetes, eccentrics. The second group has never been widespread in America; England nourishes such types, along with the others. Such groups are necessary if society is not to bog down in hopeless self-contentment.

J. F. Power's writing has a peculiar charm; his niche is very necessary and vastly amusing. Some of *Morte d'Urban* is familiar to the readers of *The New Yorker*, all of it is artful, fanciful, disciplined.

Beati possidentes (blessed are those that possess) such command of their craft.

Eugene C. Braun-Munk

The October Nugget, on your newsstand July 20th, features an interview in depth with

ELIA KAZAN

JACK GELBER

the author of *The Connection* covers a mad billiard tournament

DIZZY GILLESPIE

writes his opinions on jazz and color

PIETRO DI DONATO

chortles about The Depression

MANHATTAN

THE RESTLESS SET

To a New Yorker, the city is going through something. Actually it has been creeping along these past 15 years, but now that it's here all at once, in full bloom, it is more apparent. That "something" is not easy to pinpoint, nor all the causes, but it might be called a "restlessness of people" everywhere and largely due to loneliness, which more and more people seem less able to cope with. It might also be due to the atomic-fear-ridden era we are living in, where daily talks of the missile threat are battered across radio and TV programs in a deadening and/or maddening consistency, driving many out of their homes and into the city's night life.

With no special belief left in tomorrow, people are on the move. This specifically includes young people, middle-aged single people, both men and women; not so much married folk (who do stay at home and raise their families), although a husband may sneak out for a few hours on the scene, and even a wife whose husband may be getting neglectful. Where is HE when SHE goes out?

Years ago young people had dinner, went dancing in nightclubs or hotels with name bands, and at about midnight to one in the morning 100 friends from different colleges and schools would appear to exchange friendly greetings, and see who was going with whom.

This trend has long since died out, partially due to the cabaret tax and in its place the neighborhood pub has moved in. The pub caters to all kinds of people—particularly lonely people—and these days this seems to include most people (marriage has not taken the onus off the word) who meet to talk with other people, enjoying conversation for the sake of conversation in a congenial atmosphere, with no intention of picking anyone up.

Some of these people come from the new apartment houses where rents are high, finding two to six totally different types sharing the same digs. Most of them are the career-makers who continue to pour into the city from out of town. Some may be freelancers who work at home all day by themselves over an easel, an architect's drawing board, a typewriter with a sheet of paper in it, a sewing machine, etc., who like to get out in the evenings for a change of scene. They like it so much, they are the first to start off the cocktail hour, which by general standards starts at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Any

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Continued from left-hand column, preceding page

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freelancer who appears before 4 P.M. couldn't claim proudly that he wrote five more pages on his novel and, therefore, usually doesn't stick his nose out before then.

In catering to the needs of so many people, a group of these pubs have now opened every few blocks along First, Second, Third and Lexington Avenue in the East 60s up to the 80s. The original of these was P. J. CLARKE'S (55th and Third Avenue) and BILLY'S BAR (56th and First) who welcomed the tennis crowd and their after-tennis informal dress. As the Third Avenue El came down and the upper East Side became more developed, the new pubs were built with it.

They all have something in common: the English pub atmosphere with dim lights, checkered table cloths and friendly service in an atmosphere of informality. This allows for casualness in dress (long shorts in summer or after-ski clothes in winter). All of them are now competing, almost out-bidding each other for the spending public.

Food dishes vary slightly from place to place—the short-order kitchen of steaks, hamburgers, London Broil, skewed lamb, barbecued spareribs and broiled lobster tails being the main dishes. Then from pub to pub there are morsels of gourmet-style cooking of stuffed mushrooms, chicken tarragon, and shrimp au gratin, dishes usually served on a Sunday eve, by which time every one is thoroughly bored with everyone else.

All of the pubs are out to make a lot of money. Some have started (at long last) the free lunch, having large heads of cheese, salami and French bread on the counter, which can be enjoyed with a 5c beer for an added attraction. This has had a special appeal for the younger crowd who smoke cigarettes and slowly drink the small glass of beer by the hour: MARTEL'S—83rd St. and Third Avenue.

RESTAURANT ASSOCIATES INC. is catering to skiers who can drop by in ski clothes. They are planning ski-racks in the back of the BRASSERIE for a further accommodation. (53rd St. between Park and Lex.)

BATES' TIANA—78th and First Avenue, for a different kind of diversion, has set up a dart board in their large-sized back room, which also has a jazz band on Sundays.

DORRIAN'S RED HAND—84th and Second, 'specially good on the London Broil. Others include ALLEN'S, 73rd and Third, TINKEA'S, 74th and Second, and R. MORIARITY'S—63rd and Third.

A steady crowd frequenting these pubs include young theatricals from the off-Broadway theater—Phoenix, Jan Hus,

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THE CASE AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

Jazz critic Gene Lees portrays the U.S. image as the world sees us

HOW TO MAKE THE CLASSICS MORE ATTRACTIVE

Nugget parodies the use of cheesecake to sell literary masterpieces

FALL FASHION FROLIC

All the latest duds for smoothies and roughies featured in gala preview

All this and more bubbling up in the October Nugget!

Theater East, having now moved further uptown — and they sometimes come in after theater, bringing the entire cast with them. Other dropper-inners include those from the neighborhood TV and radio stations, CBS and Dumont.

Not to be overlooked, along with the above, are a new breed in waiters, as the union waiter is going out. They may be writers or actor-types or students earning money to pay their way through their studies. They also may include some ex-counties (and no-accounts), so tip with soul.

A. Edison & G. Hoffman

LETTERS

(Correspondence should be addressed to Letters Editors, Nugget, 545 5th Avenue, New York City 17. Names will be withheld upon request, but no unsigned letters will be considered for publication.)

A BIG BIG FOX ON YOU, NUGGET

This letter is written only because of your recent editorial in which you stated, and I believe rightfully, the difficulty of getting to writers because of the high-handed methods of many literary agents. That editorial was the reason I sent you my short story "Five for the Harem" although I knew that, money-wise, I would do much better elsewhere. I am a playwright, not a short story or article writer, yet I know the prices I can command in the latter field. My last five articles for the *Reader's Digest* were paid for at the rate of \$2000 each.

Which brings me to my basic point: You have a publication which does not come out every month. The *Reader's Digest* has. Nevertheless, the *Reader's Digest* reports on stories within a week. You took two and a half months. As a writer who likes editors and who was formerly the president of the Writer's Guild, might I suggest strongly that you stop writing JFK's speeches, or rejecting pornographic pictures, or whatever it is that is taking up so much of your time, and report to writers within a reasonable period.

ARCH OBOLER

Studio City, Calif.

Sorry to be tardy, Arch, but we get swamped by more than 150 scripts per week and have to literally dig our way out when Friday night comes along. In addition, we have a staff which is ridiculously human — often half-stewed, oversexed and underloved, a scandalous disfigurement of the *Reader's Digest* concept of the American Way. Finally, sweetie, your story was at best egg on the tie of literature and if you can get \$200

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for it, let alone \$2000, leap, man, leap!
—Eds.

As an occasional reader of Nugget, I must say I was struck by a repellent quality in your latest issue, both in photos and prose. Men's mags are certainly becoming more ambitious than before; but I think they really lack a sound basis for this ambition. For one thing, sex as such is not the whole of life but, like food, only a small, essential part. It becomes increasingly warped when it plays a direct part in more essentially human activities...

Anyway, in your seeming anxiety to leave behind the giggling Ivy League-Madison Ave. set, you seem to be entering equally pathetic pathways. Innocence need not be childish and brutal cynicism often is. How you waver, from Gregory Corso to mad desperation!

WALTER POWERS
New York City, N. Y.

I was very displeased with your article on the Seattle World's Fair. If you are looking for filth or trash in a beautiful place such as the Seattle Fair was, you will find it anywhere if you look hard enough. It depends on the type of mind you have. If your author, Don Carpenter, was looking for dirty and cheap things, why did he go to the Fair? I couldn't understand why he complained about the cleanliness of the Fair — is there something wrong with being clean? If there is, I'd like to know why, and what.

Mr. Carpenter didn't seem to like anything; couldn't he get his hands on any of the show girls? If he doesn't like Jack Kennedy, as he implied, he should go into politics and try to find a man that can do a better job. And by the way, Mr. Carpenter, what would be wrong with a world free from tension and violence? Would you rather have burnt ashes? Seattle is a beautiful country — if we look for it. I think and I believe we want to keep it beautiful as much as we want to keep our freedom. If there wasn't any freedom, I couldn't write this letter.

I've never done anything like this before, because I've always looked for the good in things. But I'm glad I picked up your magazine in my brother's room and happened to read Mr. Carpenter's article ["Seattle 2001: City of Tomorrow If There is a Tomorrow" in the February Nugget]. Because it gives me a chance to say what I feel. And to tell you I didn't like your article. It seems that Mr. Carpenter was looking for things to tear down — the Seattle Fair, Kennedy, peace, all the things Americans are striving for.

KAREN CREAGER

Crescent City, Calif.

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I was dismayed to note the apologetic tone in the editorial replies to the Young Americans for Freedom critics of Michael Harrington's excellent article on the college conservatives ["Pro-Vest & Anti-Guitar" in the October '62 Nugget]. I hope you will give Mr. Harrington a chance to answer [*he escaped to Europe, the coward!*—Eds.] some of the irrelevancies hurled at him. Seven years of teaching at a fairly conservative New England college have led me to the same conclusions as Harrington about the nature and appeal of the campus right-wing.

I trust that the YAF reactions to Harrington's article will not tempt you to avoid further controversy and turn Nugget into another standard girlie magazine. You have encouraged too many hopes with your outstanding record of the past two years to turn back at this point.

M. G. ANDERSON

Hartford, Conn.

To our critics and worriers: thank you

most sincerely for writing. Nugget is a growing, evolving, to us fascinating phenomenon, and although we could offer a point-by-point defense of our policy we'd much rather have the sharp side of your tongue than irritated silence.—Eds.

SKI BUM FIGHTS BACK

Despite the fact that he has obviously never skied anything steeper than a bed-board, Leslie Rich did produce a beautiful pictorial [April, '63] and labeling it as such is Nugget's only saving grace. You still, however, failed your major responsibility in allowing the commentary to be done by a man without the facts.

The male (and female) "ski bums" of America are the type of individualists who read and enjoy your magazine, and as such deserve to be heard.

As one of the ski-bum types dismissed by Mr. Rich, I must first defend my female counterpart, who, as a matter of fact, looks more like the pictures that accompanied the article than any "bunny" I ever saw. It should also be noted that the bunnies who helplessly flop about in the snow are usually as

agile after their skis (and clothes) are off.

The statement that hurts the most, however, is the one carrying the implication that real skiing men can't fall into anything warmer than snow. The authentic "Nordics" of America would like to inform Mr. Rich that they don't develop those lower limb muscles solely for parallel turns!

BOB FITZGERALD

Kings Point, N. Y.

We Nugget bums hereby extend the stretchpants of piece to youse ski bums.

—Eds.

AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL

In your attractive exposure of ladies, please consider bottoms—which have tremendous appeal to the masculine eye—as being the most attractive part of milady's anatomy.

And it is all the more so when you warm it for her with a jolly, good, rousing spanking to make her warm, loving, affectionate, and passionately attracted to her lover. Doesn't every woman like to be dominated by her lover? When he fails to

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IT'S GOT VIGAH!



Nugget was never intended to be a handbook of adolescent fantasies nor a plush display window for the feeble dreams of suburban bon vivants. Focused on the broad spectrum of modern masculine life, Nugget is a compilation of frank realism and sophisticated iconoclasm, mature idealism and youthful enthusiasm. Above all, Nugget demands that the reader be intellectually alive. For these reasons Nugget has attracted its loyal readership (300,000

of them) of young (average age 27.7), well-educated (90% have attended college) men of urban and sophisticated interests. With an \$8,200 average income, he is also a man with aggressive purchasing power. As evidence of his type of interest the Nugget reader bought an average of 51 LP records last year and 28% of the readers will purchase new hi-fi equipment during the next 12 months. (All figures based on 1963 Nugget subscriber survey.)

In a typical scene at Horvey Radio Co. in New York a Nugget reader has just purchased the Dynakit 70 preamp, the Syl-o-ette University Loudspeaker, a Leso 202 automatic changer and American Concertone's 605 tape recorder. He knows quality and he can afford the price.



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do so she looks upon him with disdain and contempt. But when you spank her bottom she knows you love her. I would like to hear from your readers about their opinions and experiences on the question of spanking.

W. R. FRASER

Nova Scotia, Canada

Mr. Fraser, try and spank a chick in the States and she'll have you locked up. Ah, the pity of it—probably at the root of all that insecurity gnawing away at the U.S. male. Why, W. R., he can't even spank his kids without a certificate from his psychiatrist, let alone his old lady!—Eds.

RAVES, UNPURCHASED

Crazy about your crazy Nugget.

DON MANNING

Zephyr Cove, Nevada

It is obvious that you are trying to make Nugget a quality publication. There seems to be a great deal of youthful spirit in it and that is what I appreciate more than anything else.

MORDECAI SIEGAL

New York City, N. Y.

Only to say what a superb job you are all doing at Nugget. You have really come up with some top tales. Hope you stick to your guns and keep coming out with what is, beyond any doubt, the best fiction gracing any mass magazine today.

DAVE HILL

Stillwater, Minn.

Let me say you guys put together a great magazine: a literal world of nuggets (24-plus carat-type) which my friends and I thoroughly enjoy. Please don't lose the refreshing savor of your uniqueness, as so many of the others have. Congratulations.

PAT BATES

Fayetteville, N. C.

BULLY FOR THE GAY CRUSADER

I would like to compliment you on the article by Dan Wakefield on "The Gay Crusader" in your June issue. It was a pleasure to come across this well-written, low-keyed, unsensational account in your magazine. It is this approach that will educate the public to the fact that the homosexual stereotype of the obvious swish is not the true picture. If Madison Avenue had best beware, as Mr. Wakefield states, so should the Wall Street area, which is predominantly male!

RICHARD YATES

Brooklyn, New York

I enjoyed Dan Wakefield's "The Gay Crusader" in the June Nugget. But why not print something by the "hero" of the article, Randolph Wicker, instead of having Mr. Wakefield report what Wicker said? That would be even better.

F. H. JAMES

Lubbock, Texas

NUGGET

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He was a Stranger and He Took Him In

fiction by Maurice Zolotow

Felix Traphagen's hospitality was unique in all Manhattan—but then you paid a most unexpected price

Felix Traphagen crouched to look over the liquor behind the bar. He thought his good taste was really, *really* good. You couldn't mention a superior brand of highly distilled spirits that wasn't there, including some out-of-the-way local French brandies which few connoisseurs have ever heard of.

Felix pulled himself erect. He buttoned the one button of his one-button narrow lapel black *black* suitcoat, drastically cut away. There was no outside breast pocket on the coat. No cuffs on the trousers.

He went around the bar. It divided the dining area from the exotically decorated living room—like there was a fabulous *shoji* screen but not standing upright on the floor, instead nailed into the wall, all its panels flat there like an enormous mural. The room was long, a good 60 feet from the foyer to the leaded casement windows overlooking the East River. In front of the bar were four red leather stools. A panel in the bar slid open to disclose a turntable, an amplifier and an FM multiplex tuner.

Traphagen entertained a lot. He was a friendly man. Especially with strangers, from out of town. He wasn't a rush *rush* New Yorker like some of them. He was kind. He was hospitable. He had to make a lot of trips around the U.S. of A., on business he said, investigating company plants to see if his investments in them were solid, and he was always running into folks here and there, oh in hotel lobbies, say, airport terminals at the luggage weighing counters, like that, and he got to talking with them, or they with him, being a friendly soul, warm and sociable, it wasn't hard to do. He was always inviting them to give him a ring-a-ding on the Alexander Graham Bell if they ever were to get to New York and didn't have any friends or social contacts, if you knew what he meant, because he was a bachelor and had plenty of social contacts, *let me hear from you, I really really mean it, show you a good time, Jack, sincerely* will.

And you know what? If they ever made it to New York town and did give him a ring-a-ding on the Alexander

Graham Bell, he *did* it. He *did* show them a good time.

Felix remembered he hadn't verified about the blends. They usually liked a blend, his lonely provincials, and they called it rye or bourbon. He had bourbon, too, the best. He didn't even wince—outwardly—when some of them asked for ginger-ale or Dr. Pepper's with the bourbon. Once a visitor, nice fellow from Selma, Alabama, he was in the creosote line or maybe it was shell homes prefabricated, actually asked for root-beer with it. Well, you had to drink and let drink. *You were a stranger and I took you in.*

He thought he would have a slow one now, while waiting for this type, Herman it was, Herman Stookey, from east Texas, in the self-propelling electric knife-hoist lift line, now what the hell could that be? He mixed an English gin and Campari. The ice-cubes striking against the Orrefors crystal tinkled like a struck glockenspiel.

He put on a disc. Almost at once, the murmuring of violins throbbed from all sides of the room. It was an old recording of Previn's he was fond of—"Like Young." The piano smashed into the lush legatos of the strings as he glanced at the chronometer on his left wrist: 5:10 p.m., Friday, October 20. Should be here any moment now. He couldn't recall this Stookey clearly, usually he remembered their faces, but he couldn't remember this one's. *Ah well*, he sighed, thinking, *even if they look different, they're always the same inside, lonely and helpless, Manhattan throws them for a loss the first time.*

He ambled over to the window. He drank in the music, he drank in the alcohol, he drank in the vision of the two bridges, one to either side of his perspective, the Triboro and the Queensboro. It was his favorite New York hour. An almost palpable ambience of expectation surrounded the inhabitants then.

The chime *chime* at the door brought him out of his meditations. He softened the music. What would his unknown friend be like? Yes, he had made life an adventure by knowing how to meet people and make friends and

being willing to put himself out. Sometimes it was dull, of course, but frequently it was entertaining. Well, *nous verrons*. He was a small well-muscled man, about 34, 35. He moved up the steps to the foyer with strong springing steps. A smile formed itself on his darkly tanned face as he opened the door.

"Mr. Traphagen, I hope," said the stranger who was a friend.

"Nobody else but," Felix replied. "Sure kind of you to ask me over like this, you hardly knowin' me and all," he said, coming inside. He was a large tall man, younger than Felix expected him to be, judging from his heavy voice on the Alexander Graham Bell when he'd rung up yesterday to say he was in town and was takin' advantage of Mr. Traphagen's kind invitation.

"It's my pleasure, I assure you."

"Now Mr. Traphagen, I sure hope—"

"Felix is the name. It means happy in Latin."

"Happy in Latin? You don't say. I'll hafta remember that. I like pickin' up odd bits of knowledge like that, my friends call me a regular walkin' encyclopedia, but I find it melts the ice with customers, don't you? Say—and call me Herm. I don't know what that means in Latin." He was holding a tan raincoat. Felix hung it in the closet. They walked down a short flight of stairs to the bar.

"Perhaps you were named for Hermes, the messenger of the gods, who was young, handsome and fast on his feet."

"I like that. Gosh, that's inarrestin'. Hermes? Messenger of the gods, Waal, mister, you sure got a handsome layout. What's that down there? The Henry Hudson River?"

"No, Herm, it's what we call the East River because, you see, it's on the east side of town. We have two sides of town. The east and the west. I don't know whatever became of the north side and the south side."

Herm was excited, taking it all in, walking to the window and then back to the bar, impressed by it all, the fireplace, the Buddha on the mantel, the freshly cut spider chrysanthemums on the marble coffee table, the abstract expressionist paintings on two walls and the *shoji* screen on the other, the Aubusson rug, the 20-foot long black leather couch.

"Will you join me in a drink?" Felix asked, smiling tenderly.

"Don't mind if I do," Herm said. "Say, this is darned sociable of you, Felix."

"Don't mention it. What's your pleasure?"

"A little bourbon, silver plate."

"Beg pardon," Felix said. "What is

that—silver plate? A new brand of bourbon or something?"

"Got you that time, Felix, didn't I? You know, it's what the French say — silver plate."

"Oh, now I get it," Felix said chortling. "*S'il vous plait*. I'll have to remember that. Silver plate."

"You sure fell for it, askin' if it was a brand of likker. Wait till I tell the boys back home. It'll kill 'em."

Felix placed three different bottles of bourbon on the bar. Herm gawked in amazement. He forgot about the French language. Felix really knew bourbon.

"You like it any special way?"

"Jes straight with a little branch — water, that is."

"No ice? No rocks?"

"Got enough of them in my head. Don't need any in my booze. Huh, huh, huh."

"That's very funny," Felix said. Well, at least he didn't call for root beer or Dr. Pepper's. Herm brought the glass to his lips.

"Down the hatch," he said.

Felix raised his glass. "Here's to crime," he said.

Herm's face was long with sensitive high cheekbones and deep-set black eyes. His dust brown hair straggled over his forehead. Felix thought, *his mother undoubtedly must have been seeing a run of Gary Cooper pictures when she was pregnant with him*. He drank deeply.

"Hits the spot," Herm said. "Goes right to the gut. I always say one drink before dinner is worth two after dinner."

"You put it very well," Felix said.

Herm scooped up a handful of pumpkin seeds. On the fourth finger of his hand was a thick gold band.

"Say, this feller you mentioned?"

"Who was that?"

"This Greek feller, whatsisname, Herman."

"Ah, yes, the messenger of the gods who had wings on his feet."

"Wish I had 'em on mine. Save me a fortune in plane fares. I clock better'n 100,000 air miles a year. Not braggin', mind you, but it's a fact."

"Let me freshen that up a bit," Felix said, freshening it with four ounces of whisky and four drops of water. Herm didn't demur. Felix was enjoying it.

"Did you have a good flight?"

"Kinda rough over Pittsburgh," Herm said. "Turbulence. Shook the hell out of us. One of them lightning storms."

"They can be bad," Felix said. He walked from the bar, signalling his friend to follow him. They sat on the couch. Herm said it was sure a great view and it was sure a fine evening. Felix

agreed and inquired when Herm had got into town. Herm said it was Tuesday. Tuesday and Wednesday he had been setting up the exhibit of his company at the Coliseum. The trade show had opened on Thursday.

"I know I should have called you sooner," he said.

"I understand." Felix paused, his eyes narrowing. "By the way, Herm, where was it we met? You know, it's strange, but I can't place you. I pride myself on my memory for names and faces and I couldn't remember your name when you mentioned it on the Alexander Graham Bell yesterday. I know I've seen you before but I can't place where I saw you last." He thought *High Noon* was where it was.

Herm waved a speculative finger. "Lemme see," he said. "You know that bar right outside of Midway Airport?"

"Oh, in Chicago."

"You know—that big one, about a block away."

"I know it. I think I remember now."

"It sure was crowded. About this time, too. We both held space on 6 o'clock flights. I was goin' to Dallas. Don't remember where you were travellin' to."

Felix remembered now. The bar crowded four deep. The tepid martini that somebody, this man of course, had bought him, with too much vermouth and an olive speared on a toothpick.

"Remember how we got to talkin' and when you heard I was never in New York, you made me write down your name and phone number and you said I had to call you if I ever got a chance to come to little old New York?" Herm displayed a memorandum book and opened to a page showing Felix where he had scrawled his name and number. "Well, sir, I wasn't sure you was on the level. I mean, you meet a guy at a bar, gets a few slugs under his belt, and he's your best friend, give you the sun and the moon, and the next day, he don't know your name. So I sure do appreciate this hospitality."

"I assure you I'm enjoying your company and our little talk," Felix said. "How do you like New York?"

"It's a great place to visit — but I wouldn't want to live here."

Felix nodded. "Well said. But perhaps you haven't seen the more, uh, human side of our city? I hope you've taken time out from your job to enjoy yourself."

"I always say all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," Herm said. "I love a good time. Always have."

"Have you seen much of our fair city?"

(continued on page 24)

W. C. Fields and the Affair of the Twitchy-Twitchy

A rare morsel from the last years of the fabulous W. C. is truthfully documented by a faithful if fearful scribe

I don't dig nostalgia but I've got to go back to 1943 to recall that Frank Sinatra was starring in his own radio show for Lever Brothers to plug Vims Vitamins. Sinatra, at that time, had lived about 27 years of his life and this was the beginning of his climb to the big money.

I'm dropping Sinatra's name as this weird story concerns him and the late, great comedian W. C. Fields and a radio director named Earl Ebi—and me. W. C. Fields was booked as a guest star on one of Sinatra's programs and it was my duty—and also Ebi's—to visit the comedian at his home to discuss the content of the upcoming guest shot. I bore the dubious title of Head Writer and one of my chores was to call upon the guest stars to explain what the Frank Sinatra show was up to and to discuss possible subjects that could be translated into what we called light and humorous dialogue.

To those who were listening to their radios in 1943, it won't require any words from me to explain Sinatra's immense popularity as this was the era when the teenagers screamed their little throats out almost every time the man sang a phrase. To those who are too young to recall the year of Sinatra's lift-off, I should mention that his program consisted of songs by the star, a little chit-chatty routine with the guest and then a wrap-up song duet by the guest and Sinatra.

It was a delightful September morn when Ebi and I entered Fields' home which was situated on Cecil B. DeMille's estate in the Los Feliz section of Los Angeles. A servant ushered us into the living room which (continued on page 73)

hip gossip by Maunie Manheim





"No, she doesn't—but the brunette in red does!"

ARTICLE BY PADDY CHAYEFSKY

The man who wrote Marty now writes a surprising testimonial to the young turks who art-bombed the U.S.

As a professional writer, I think it's time to pay a proper respect to the Beat Movement, such as it was or if it still is. I would like not to be held to terms here. I use "Beat" to mean any kind of writing whose values are those of the totally disenfranchised — the insane, the dope addict, the shrieking homosexual, but not, for example, the Negro, jazz musician or delinquent, for these latter three are entrenched members of their society, living by its rules or rebelling against them as the case may be. Beats, to my mind, do not protest their society but live entirely out of it. They do not suggest improved attitudes toward the dope addict or schizophrenic; they are, in fact, saying that truth is to be found in their own alienated conditions and not in the established world that despises or pities or is frightened by them. The insane are sane, the addicted are free, the criminal is honest, so to speak. All modern writing seems to be motored by meaninglessness, but, to the Beats, meaninglessness is not the final revelation but the first commitment. They have given themselves up to the total terror of

(continued on page 68)

THE BEATS

AN APPRECIATION FROM A PROFESSIONAL

THE RAT PACK AT PLAY



"Maybe it's because you were trying too hard, dear."



"Haven't you got a pair of white glasses?"



"Think Yiddish, dress British."



"Cool it, Dean—she's married to my brother-in-law!"



"I can't talk too loud, Governor Rockefeller, but if you can get a camera . . ."



"Scout's honor . . ."

Bob Reisner, a bearded imp who invented CAPTIONS
COURAGEOUS, naughtily tweaks a phenom of our time



"I got news for you guys—
Paul Newman got the part."



"We're here for the Inauguration!"



"What mother put a Bobby Darin record in here?"



"... And you can start your instructions
with my personal swinging rabbit!"



"Hamlet by Shakespeare? O.K.,
put two bucks on him."



"It could be gas."

STRANGER (continued from page 18)

"I went on one of the guided bus tours."

"Now, now, Herm, that's not the real Manhattan. That's the tourist Manhattan." He went over behind the bar. He plucked out a fifth of gin. He put more ice-cubes in his glass. He put in the gin and the Campari. He let the bottle remain on the bar. Suddenly, Felix was struck by a thought.

"How would you like to see the real New York? Let me plan an evening for you. Cocktails at the Palm Garden of the Plaza. Dinner at Chambord's. A Broadway musical hit show. I always have a pair of tickets to *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* for emergencies. Then to the Copacabana for the late show."

"I sure like them apples, Felix," he said, looking as if he would burst.

"Are you clear tomorrow night?"

"That's Saturday? Well, I sure am. What time do we meet and where is this here Palm Garden?"

Felix closed his eyes as if overcome by an irrepressible sadness. "Oh, I am so sorry," he said. "You thought I was going with you? How stupid of me. I have a previous engagement. But I could break it. I will break it. Now." He started to move to the telephone which was on the foyer landing. Herm leaped to his feet.

"Now don't you do that, Felix," he said. "Don't you go upsetting your social arrangements account of me."

"A promise is a promise," he said. "I will show you New York hospitality. You will be my guest."

"But them places are mighty expensive, I've heard."

"Your money is no good in this town, Herm," he said. "I'm going to call up my girl and break our date—"

"You ain't gonna do nothin' of the sort," Herm said nobly. "I mean, after you've been so nice to me and all."

"Wait. I have it. Why don't you invite a friend?"

"I dunno," Herm said. "I don't have any real friends in New York. There's some business associates and contacts—but I'd rather wait and make it another night so's we could be together. I jes enjoy talkin' to you, Felix, I want you to know that."

"There must be somebody you could invite," Felix said. He never brought the subject up first. It was a matter of personal honor.

"Nobody I'd care to really," Herm said. Felix waited. Herm coughed, clearing his throat. "If it wasn't an imposition on your good nature," he began. He

stopped. He shifted gears. "Say, why you puttin' yourself out like this for me? I don't think we were together more'n an hour in Chicago. It ain't I don't appreciate it and all, but fact is you din' hardly remember me. I'm a business man myself, and, gosh, there has to be an angle in everything. What's yours?"

"My angle?" Felix said. "Oh, I have several of them. I like to collect—shall we say—people? I'm a very rich man. I can buy everything I want except this one thing—human experiences. And I therefore collect amusing and interesting moments with strangers, the way other men collect Ming porcelain, Georgian antiques, paintings, what have you. But I'll admit I have a practical angle, shall we say? I've got many interests, Herm. Someday I might want to get the facts on your business or some other business down your way. I want to find out about an executive, say, in your town. I want to be able to pick up the Alexander Graham Bell and give my friend Herman Stookey a ring-a-ding. Tell him my problem and know I'll get an answer, an honest answer."

Herm ruffled his hair. "It makes sense the way you say it, Felix."

"Here," He gave him the tickets. "I'll reserve a table for two at Chambord's. Let Victor select the meal and the wine. And no whisky before dinner. I insist upon that. That is my only condition. You are to drink, let me see now, yes only a vermouth cassis at the Plaza. You will remember?"

He repeated it.

"And there'll be a table, ringside, at the Copa. All the service is taken care of, including tips."

"I don't know what to say, Felix. I hope I can do something for you some day."

"You will, Herm, you will."

He put the envelope in his pocket. He got up. "I sure hate to leave you," he said, "but I promised to join two guys from Perkin Elmer at the hotel for dinner." He began walking slowly toward the stairs. Then he turned solemnly.

"I was wonderin', Felix, I know it's late to be callin' a gal for a date Saturday night, but I thought if you had some phone numbers of nice gals, maybe I could kind of squire one around and she'd tell me about New York, you see. I've been gettin' mighty lonely, especially in the evenin'."

"I don't know any nice girls," Felix said. "I find them extremely boring."

"I guess I could make do with the other kind. How about them?"

"I think I can help you," he said. "I think you've got a noble savage quality

that several sophisticated girls I know would find extremely arousing." He chewed his lower lip thoughtfully. He gave him the names and numbers of six girls. Two of them, he knew, were away for the weekend. One was in Rome, shooting a film. Two would have killed themselves rather than date a man on 24 hours' notice. There was no doubt his friend was likely to enjoy the company of Valerie Larkin, a lovely blonde creature, a high-fashion model among other things, and she was other things...

"Have fun," Felix said, presenting him with the raincoat. "I hope you're not busy this Sunday. I'd like to see you. Same time as now. For drinks. Here at my place."

"This Sunday?"

"I'd like to hear about your experiences—if any. That would compensate me."

"You got yourself a deal, mister," Herm said, reaching out. He shook Felix hard.

"Well," Felix said, untangling his fingers, "goodbye now."

"Oh reservoir," Herm said, going to the elevator.

Felix got it right away.

"That's a good one," he called out, closing the door behind him. "And *au revoir* to you, *mon ami*," he whispered, sitting by the telephone, "yes indeed, *au revoir* you stupid *salaud* son of a bitch *cochon*."

He dialed a number. It was answered on the second ring.

"Val?" he said. "This is Felix. I'm fine. And you? Well, I'm sorry. How many times do I have to tell you not to eat chicken tetrazzini? Chicken tetrazzini has killed more people than heroin. I hope you're available tomorrow, and if you're not, *make yourself available*. I'm sending over a live one. Name's Herman Stookey. Should be calling you for a date soon. From where? Texas."

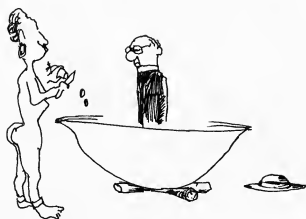
He held the phone away from his ears until the screaming stopped.

"Take it easy, baby," he said. "Not all Texans make love like football tacklers. He's different. He's refined. A sort of Gary Cooper quality with a bit of the elemental lurking beneath. You'll like him. Of course, basically, he's a ding-dong-daddy. What show? *How to Succeed*—"

Valerie blasted his ear canals.

"So what if you've seen it eight times already? Maybe you'll set a world's record for seeing it. Now don't be so *déjà*. There's a hundred girls *begging* me to have your problems. You can be replaced, baby. Anytime you want out, you just say

(continued on page 31)



MARGO







Now soaking up tons of California
sunlight while trying to
crash Hollywood, sweet Margo is a Berlin
hipsterette who came to the States in 1959 and
now regards der Ooo Ess Ah as home.

A musical chick, Margo plays the piano and
sings rock'n'roll with a wild choiman flavor, also
designs her own clothes (when she wears them).

For you arithmetical studs, she's 5'6", sports a
36-inch bust and a mighty curvaceous 35-inch fanny.





Margo's milder kicks
include vodka-on-the-rockaroonies,
designing her own clothes
and hours and hours of sun-worshipping
to get that tan, chic, maddening look.
She made some comedy bits
in the old country before adding her charms to
our Wild West scene, but now her ambition
is to score in films as a heart-stopping
ingenue: bang, bang, we're dead!





Whether you prefer vanilla or chocolate you'll certainly swing with this sardonic, totally abandoned report

Naturally everyone who came thought the party was given in honor of himself, or herself, so it was a fine party. There was plenty of liquor and the conversation was brilliant. Joe Mason discoursed eloquently on the Negro vote in its true context as the balance of power.

"It's a matter of economics," said Dr. Oliver Wendell Garrett, President of the Board of Directors of the Rothschild Foundation, his white mane shaking and his white goatee quivering, looking every inch the fine white patriarch that he was.

"What's a matter of economics?" asked Dr. John Stetson Kisko, Chairman of The Southern Committee for the Preservation of Justice, a chubby, pink-skinned man with a shining pink bald head fringed by snow-white hair, looking for all the world like an aging but still shooting

Cupid. His eye roved the room hopefully.

"Why, the Negro Problem, of course," said Dr. Garrett.

"More dollars sowed, more black votes growed," that black newshawk, Moe Miller, said cynically.

"I think it's more psychological," said Dr. Baldwin Billings Brown, Professor of Psychology at a famous Negro university located in the deep South.

"Education is the answer," said Dr. Carl Vincent Stone, President Emeritus and Chairman of the Board of the university where Dr. Brown taught, looking aggressively white behind the white makeup he used to obscure the brown splotches on his skin.

"The Russians are worse to the Jews," said Lorenzo Llewellyn, that 49-year-old leading young Negro writer who had recently denounced the Communist Party after

a Mamie Mason Party

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM FEELINGS



of a racially mixed party thrown by the deliciously sinister Mrs. Mason

fiction by Chester Himes

having been a member for 17 years.

"A distant relative of mine married a Russian once," Dr. Garrett confessed. "A prince of some sort, I believe, driving a taxi—"

"White Russian?" Dr. Stone asked anxiously.

"Oh yes, definitely white. Are there any, er, ah, black Russians?"

"Ask Jonah Johnson, he's a foreign correspondent. Jonah, are there any, er, black Russians?"

Jonah's black face assumed an expression of deference as is proper when replying to a distinguished white philanthropist, especially on a question of Russians.

"Yes sir, plenty. A whole nation of black Russians. Georgia."

"Not *our* Georgia!" gasped an interested white woman.

"*Their* Georgia," said Jonah.

"Mamie, darling, you look positively stunning," Brown Sugar was heard to compliment.

"—from Lord & Taylor's, honey," Mamie Mason was heard to mumble incoherently, referring to the black satin sheath dress, size 12, which she seemed about to burst out of.

"Black people everywhere!" Booker T. Henry, militant black union executive, said belligerently. "Black Frenchmen, black Englishmen, black Chinese—"

"Indeed? Black Chinese you say?" interrupted Dr. Kissock with a surprised expression on his pink Cupid's face. "In the south of China?"

"I hear Mamie has cancer of the rectum," some woman whispered.

(continued on following page)



"That wouldn't surprise me, dear," her companion whispered back.

"She's been named correspondent in you-know-whose divorce."

"I know, it took place right here on this very sofa."

"I heard he was a homo."

"Little difference that makes to Mamie, as long as he is rich and white."

"Chicken's jumping out the pan!" Mamie's maid, Aquilla, shouted from the kitchen. "Come and eat it!"

Edward Schooley, co-author of *Dreamland*, a book on drug addiction, arrived just in time for the fried chicken, but he was too drunk to eat any of it. He gave everyone a bemused smile and mumbled, "Thank you . . . one and all . . . Mamie, dear . . . consider it great honor . . ." Then he staggered across the living room and entered the bedroom and fell across the bed and went straight to sleep.

"Do you like dark meat or light meat, honey?" Mamie's maid could be heard addressing one of the white ladies sitting at the kitchen table more pointedly than seemed necessary.

This was the cue for Moe Miller to say, "I know what part Joe likes."

"Last part over the fence," suggested Art Wills, the big white editor of a proposed Negro picture-story magazine.

"You don't know Joe," Moe said. "He starts with the white meat and eats down."

"Oh, breast," Art said.

Doctors Garrett, Stone and Kissock were listening with grave attention, their white faces flushed with good will and strong whisky, not to mention the blood-warming proximity to Negroes.

"Eat your chicken with your hands, girl, where do you come from with all those airs?" Mamie's maid said scornfully to Kit Samuels, the cute blonde wife of athletic-looking Professor Isaiah Samuels, professor of English literature in an upstate woman's college.

Off in a corner the gossips were still gossiping.

"It's a tapeworm she uses, dear."

"To reduce? My God, isn't that dangerous?"

"Oh no, she takes poisonous enemias to kill them."

"Heavens, won't someone get poisoned?"

"No one has got poisoned as yet, dear."

Brownskin Lucy Pitt, who had arrived with that great white liberal motion picture producer, Will Robbins, and blonde divorcée, Fay Corson, slipped on the kitchen linoleum and fell on her prat. Her skirt flew up, clearly revealing the

place babies come from, regardless of what they say about the stork.

Dr. Garrett's goatee quivered convulsively.

The big black handsome minister of one of Harlem's most important churches, Reverend Doctor Mike Riddick, a very religious man, who had been patiently ministering to a cramp in Kit Samuel's thigh, crunched his chicken leg with such force he crushed the bone to splinters and chipped the enamel of his dog tooth. "Lord, preserve her modesty," he gulped prayerfully, and at the same time his hand closed so protectively on Kit she wondered whose modesty he meant.

"Baby hurt self," Mamie murmured solicitously, examining Lucy's smooth brown thighs so meticulously for bruises as to arouse suspicion. "Mike, help her up."

"Lord, protect the helpless," Reverend Riddick said solemnly as he knelt before the child.

"Up!" Mamie said sharply. "Not up on!"

In the living room, affable Arthur Tucker, Special Presidential Assistant, the dark horse of Mamie's white celebrities, was standing over Maiti Brown, wife of Dr. Baldwin Billings Brown, and peering down inside the front of her décolleté gown with a fixed wet expression as though he were mesmerized.

"My heavens, but you have a wonderful bosom!" he shouted vehemently. "Marvelous! Never seen another like it! Perfectly extraordinary!" He rubbed his hands together with uncontrollable enthusiasm and roared. "Magnificent! Perfectly matched! Exquisitely colored! And, my stars, they are enormous! Here, let me measure them."

"No! No!" Maiti cried in alarm. Her big right hooknosed face resembled a startled eagle's.

"Arthur's tight," Mamie murmured happily.

"Only with my hands," Mr. Tucker cajoled Maiti, wagging a finger. "No instruments."

"No you don't!" she cried, drawing back in horror.

"Stupendous!" he shouted ardently.

"What a place to smother!"

"You get away, don't you dare touch me!" she cried in terror.

Mr. Tucker was a fair freckled white man and short, and Maiti was a big, powerful-looking, imposing and light-complexioned colored woman weighing near 200 pounds. The idea of his smothering in her ample bosom was not so farfetched as it might seem.

"Ah, Maiti," he roared regretfully. "If

I were Botticelli! What a feast! Ah, what a boon to art! What a boon to humanity. Why, I'll wager you could feed the world's famished, on an assembly line, of course. Here, let me show you—"

But Maiti heaved to her feet before he could demonstrate, dwarfing his frail figure by her awesome proportions and very nearly trampling the life from his passionate heart as she fled, panicstricken, to the bedroom. Mr. Tucker followed with his face aflame. What his intentions were no one ever discovered, for she slammed the door in his face and he reluctantly withdrew, muttering to himself. "My stars, what an armful!"

Mamie winked at him as she went to the bedroom to console her terrified guest.

"He was going to rape me," Maiti whispered breathlessly.

Co-author Schooley sat up suddenly and gave her a stern, indignant look. "No such thing," he denied. "I was just dreaming."

"He was going to rape me right out there before everyone," Maiti sobbed, ignoring the indignant Schooley. A tear slipped from her stern forbidding eye and trickled down her strong broad cheek past her big beaked nose.

"Don't cry, dear," Mamie said. "Better luck next time."

"Never raped a woman in my life," Schooley protested.

Maiti fixed her eagle eye on him. "You couldn't, you drunkard."

Moe Miller passed the bedroom on his way to the john. A moment later a small dapper white man rushed past on his way to the john also. But by the time he arrived, Moe was just leaving.

"Oh!" said the small dapper man disappointedly. "I beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it," Moe said.

"Certainly not," the small dapper man replied.

In one corner of the living room, Wallace Wright, Executive Chairman of the National Negro Political Society, NNPS, was recounting to foreign correspondent Jonah Johnson his experiences on one of his air-hops to the European Theater during the war.

"I had stopped over in London on my way to Naples to apprise Winston of the grave situation developing between our white and Negro servicemen in the matter of off-duty entertainment."

Jonah nodded understandingly as he hung, ambitiously, on the great man's words.

"I had presumed, and rightly so, that the London command had not broached

(continued on page 65)

THE MAKING OF A ZEALOT a pre-Madison Ave. fable by S. W. Miller



perhaps you're wondering why I asked you here today," the account man said fingering a rather badly illuminated manuscript his agency was trying to push.

The Ms Market, as they called it along the Way, was saturated. He wished the agency would quit handling the monastery accounts until they came up with a new product. He didn't have much taste for the manuscripts, although his wife went in for the whole bit, especially the glo-in-the-dark type.

"Can't imagine why you want to see me," said Robert Fromage. "In fact," he said with some embarrassment, "this is the first time I've been on the Appian Way—or the Way, as you call it. Advertising must be an exciting business."

At least he didn't call it a "game," thought the account man. "I'll get to the point right away," he said noting Fromage would have to drop 25 pounds if he took the job.

"As you may have heard," he continued, "Pope Urban has turned the Crusades account over to our agency. It's the biggest account of the Twelfth century!" He wanted to impress the Frenchman with the importance of the job he was about to be asked to do. "The Crusades Corps isn't going over too well in France," he said with a sigh.

"And how do I fit in?" Fromage asked blankly. He picked a piece of onion from his front tooth.

The account man searched unconsciously for a similar piece in his few remaining teeth. "We need a man who can sell Urban's New Frontiers program and sell it big in France. We think you're the man!"

"How much?" asked Fromage.

Just like the French, thought the account man. "Twenty francs for every person you get to join the Crusade Corps."

"Business expenses?"

"Travel expenses!" the adman said emphatically.

"Look," Fromage said quickly, "I've been a salesman long enough to know that business entertaining is..."

"This isn't a routine selling job," the account man said.

"What do I have to do?" Fromage asked.

"Simple. Be a religious zealot."

"A zealot!" Fromage screamed.

"Sure, it's been done before, but not on an empire-wide basis."

"Oh for God's sake," said Fromage.

"We hope so," the adman said archly.

"The zealot bit went out with Charle-

magne," Fromage said unenthusiastically.

"It's still a good selling device." The agency man tried to be patient.

"Give me some specifics."

"First thing you've got to do is to shed some of that fat. Got to look ascetic or it won't come off. Then we'll send out for some low-quality sackcloth..."

"That's been done, too," Fromage said, not warming to the idea.

"But—we've added a totally new feature," the agency man said pointing to a large wooden cross in the corner. "You'll carry this on your campaign."

"You mean I'm supposed to walk around all day lugging 30 pounds of wood?" asked Fromage.

"Twenty francs..."

"Can't do it."

"Ask not what the Crusades can do for you, but what you can do for the Crusades," the account man quoted. It had been created by another agency but still it was good.

"I won't reach any frontier, new or old, lugging that much weight around," Fromage said trying to lift the cross without success.

The account man reconsidered. "May be we'd better let you ride..."

"A pure white horse as a symbol of purity," Fromage answered with relief.

"That wouldn't do at all. It'd kill the image. You're supposed to be a religious zealot, poor in everything except spiritual matters. Let's see," the adman thoughtfully searched his teeth again. "An ass! Yes, an ass would be perfect."

"An ass," Fromage yelled.

"A perfect combination," the adman said delightedly. "Now, you've got to have a name to complete the image."

"What about Friar All-Pure?"

"Too commercial. Besides the Greek Archbishop used something like that a few years ago in one of his campaigns."

"How about Fromage the Holy?" Fromage asked.

"Lacks audience identification," the account man replied. "Wait a minute! Just a big minute, I've got it. Peter... Peter the Hermit. It's perfect." Without waiting for Fromage's comment, the account man began a memo to Legal to clear the name.

"Now," he said to Fromage, "follow me and I'll introduce you to the rest of the staff. They'll get you squared away."

"But I didn't say I'd take the job," said Fromage hurrying after the adman.

"Ask not..." the account man began.

it. No, I wasn't serious. Course I love you—best in the world. So be a nice swinging chick tomorrow, will you, for papa? I'll see you Sunday at my digs. The usual time. Oh, yes, I set it with him. Oh reservoir for now, baby...'

She came as if gliding out of an erotic fantasy. He knew who she was before they spoke to each other. She came into the Fifth Avenue lobby, the full skirt rustling, the white blouse tight on her angular frame. She caught his eye. He got up and they smiled to each other. She was almost as tall as he was. He was aware of her face rather than of her body. It was a strong-boned face with a high proud neck and her blonde hair moved like it was alive. It was combed loosely.

He kept his promise not to drink bourbon. At the Palm Garden, they had vermouth cassis. He found himself tense with excitement and tongue-tied with nervous bashfulness. She made the conversation flow, not asking him a lot of questions, but speaking about her work as a model and where she came from—a place called Patchogue — and about clam and oyster beds, her father having been an oyster dredger. At dinner, he tasted *escargots*. He didn't see much to snails, after all, he had a sense of unreality. He found himself looking at himself, saying, *here you are, eating snails with the most gorgeous girl in New York, it's really you here, and somebody you hardly know's paying for it, it's crazy, but what the hell.*

Then came filet of sole *veronique*, and he said, *well, boy, how do you like that, rains with fish, not so bad.* They drank a demi-bottle of Montrachet. It was his first white wine, first in his life, and he didn't like it, but then he said it was wonderful to be drinking it and being a man of the world. They had *filtré* coffee and an anisette. He lit her cigarette, she was smoking Gitanes. She had handed him her lighter. Their fingers accidentally made contact and her fingers and his fingers became unexpectedly intimate. Her flesh was curiously chill. Afterwards, she said would he like to go to the Radio City Music Hall instead of that Broadway show, because the Music Hall was a must attraction for tourists and he shouldn't miss it, he could always see that silly old show some other time, but the Rockettes were fantastic and there was also this Rock Hudson and Doris Day picture with Tony Randall.

"I'm mad for Tony Randall," she said. "Please do it for me."

"But Mr. Traphagen bought me the tickets for the show."

She put a finger on her lips. "It will be our secret. We won't tell Felix. We'll go to a ticket broker and just trade in the seats for a pair of reserved seats to the Music Hall. I know you'll love it."

After the Music Hall, Valerie had another bright idea, seeing as how Herm was so amenable. Why not skip the Copa? She detested the Copa with the feeling of a person who is forced to eat strawberry shortcake with whipped cream three times a day. She said she'd rather show him around New York—you know, Harlem, the Bowery, Chinatown, Battery Park, the Statue of Liberty.

"Honest, it would be a thrill for me," she said. "I've lived here going on three years and I've never been below 34th Street except to Luchow's for Sunday dinner."

"Who's Luchow? An aunt of yours?" "That's priceless, darling," she said. "No, he's not an aunt of mine. He's a restaurant. My friends don't go to their relatives for Sunday dinners. We go to Luchow's. It's the thing to do."

He kicked sullenly at a light pole. "I guess you think I'm stupid and ignorant," he said. "I'm not. I'm just lacking in experience. But I'm not dumb. There's a difference."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I know there's a difference. We all have to learn. I don't want to fight about Luchow's. I like you."

They were standing at 50th St. and the Avenue of the Americas. She asked him to hold her evening bag. He did. She placed her arms around his neck and pulled his face down to hers and found his mouth with her lips. She kissed him a long and shattering coup of a kiss which made him realize that up till now he had been kissed by amateurs only...

They rode in a taxi uptown to Harlem and downtown to the Battery and they saw all the sights in between. He never let on about the guided bus tour. It was almost 2 A.M. when he brought her home. She lived in a flat on East 78th St. It was in a mansion that had been converted into eight small and insanely overpriced apartments. She held his hand, drawing him into the automatic elevator.

"Come up for a nightcap," she said.

It seemed like the dream was just going on and on. She hung up his coat in a closet. By the closet was a kitchenette. She opened a door above the sink. "Help yourself to anything you like," she said. "I think there's brandy."

"I think—I'd rather have a shot of bourbon."

"Be my guest," she said. "Excuse me. I won't be a minute."

He didn't get a drink. He cracked his knuckles, one by one. He pulled open the Venetian blinds a crack and peered outside. The street was calm and deserted. Obviously, he was part of a dream he was dreaming and something terrible was about to happen. Maybe he had made a mistake in calling Felix Traphagen. He returned to the sink. He took a bottle of cognac in one hand, a bottle of whisky in the other. He stared at them, hypnotized by the labels, thinking of her.

He heard a movement behind him. He whipped around. She was floating toward him. She was naked. Stark, staring, naked.

"Oh," she said airily, "you waited for me. How polite! I think I'll have some brandy. The brandy glasses are up there. Would you reach one for me or two if you're having it? You're so tall. Did you ever think of trying out for television? It could lead to a movie career. You've got a kind of Tony Perkins quality. I wish you'd stay around New York and try to get in television."

He couldn't say anything. His mouth was dried up. She removed a tray of icecubes from the refrigerator. She made the drinks. He lit her a Gitanes. She sipped her brandy, standing there in the kitchenette. Then she slipped off his coat and untied his tie. Then she took her drink and, her cigarette between her lips, she ambled toward the bedroom and he followed her. What else could a gentleman do in such a situation without being downright rude?

The bedroom was small and it was mainly filled with a circular shaped oversized doublebed of the variety known as Beverly Hills Orgy. A vanity table was shoved against one wall and a spinet piano against the other. Into one wall was set a bigscreen television. The lights were on. She didn't put them out. He closed his eyes and came into her arms. They made love and drank and she smoked and they made love again and drank and she smoked and they made love again until it was morning and she fell asleep...

Such are the recuperative powers of man, that he arrived looking serene and clean-shaven at 5 o'clock that Sunday at Traphagen's place. He had left Valerie a few hours earlier. She was still asleep. He went back to the hotel. He tried to sleep but he was too excited. He did 20 push-ups. He took a long bath. He shaved himself and swabbed cologne over his cheeks. He dressed himself carefully. "Ah," Felix said, "the hero returns. *Comment ça marche?*"

(continued on page 58)





THE NEWEST KENNEDY

Not related to the President's clan, but a dynamic campaigner in her own right, it's our pleasure to unveil Vicky Kennedy to you Democrats and Republicans alike. Vicky, an international delight like our other gals in this issue, grew hefty in the right places despite a tasteless London diet as a kid—but nothing could impede her vigorous development, apparently. She still makes London her home, and tells us that it's hardly the dull place some people think it is, but her splendid chassis is now being appreciated all over the globe as a result of that terrific invention, the camera. Vicky says—with some truth, we think—that Americans are a hell







of a lot more repressed about sex than the so-called shy English. Certainly there's nothing shy about Vicky in these pix. Indeed, the lass is busting out all over in a display of largess that we puritanical Yanks appreciate to the full. Could it be that our own homegrown talent is losing the bosom race to the have-nots from abroad? Always alert to changes in female fashion, it is no accident that we chose foreign beauties for the present issue: they simply outreached, in every sense, the local competition. We hate to think that this is a trend and ask you, please, to keep an eye out for patriotic American chicks who might be able to reverse this







awkward situation. Of course, now that you're seeing Vicky in all her splendor, you realize that our girls are going to have their work cut out for them. But—seriously—it would be an awful blow to American prestige if our dames accept this, er, lying down. Are measurements shrinking in this age of anxiety? Is the U.S. lass becoming subtly masculinized to the point of wilting in the upper regions? Has the end really come for the American pin-up girl, no longer the sex image that once flipped the world? Frankly, we don't know—but we're worried. Vicky Kennedy is not going to be easy to brush aside fellows (without stubbing a finger, that is).





JOKER

So this bandit went into a chow mein palace with a sawed-off shotgun and held up the rotund proprietor. "Gimme all yer money!" he snarled.

"To take out?" asked the proprietor.

A nude model we sort of know was sped to the hospital last month with an appendicitis scare. It was discovered to be a false alarm, but not before they had prepared her for the emergency operation. Consequently, when told she was free to go home and back to work she burst into tears. "But doctor—" she wailed, "how can I go back like this? Look!" She threw back the bedclothes. "Look what they did to me!" And she bared the clean-shaven pubic area.

The doctor obligingly studied it for a moment.

"My dear," was the considered professional opinion, "you look 10 years younger."

"Taking a girl out," read the first entry in the seducer's diary, "is like eating an artichoke. You have to go through so much to get so little."

For the wench-wearied and *Weltschmerz* like the character above we might recommend the following game, fast becoming the hit of Mad Tea Parties everywhere:

Two players sit on the floor facing each other, and smoke pot.

After a while, one player gets up and leaves.

The other player then has to guess who left.

A nine-year-old boy managed to slip past the ticket-taker of an art movie house, and sat through his first "adult" film. In one scene that particularly arrested his interest the villain brutally tore the blouse off the buxom heroine and growled: "*I want what I want when I want it!*"

The kid rushed home. He dashed to

the backyard and called to the eight-year-old girl who lived next door. As soon as she came out he brutally tore off her pinafore and growled: "*I want what I want when I want it!*"

The little girl was unimpressed. "You'll get what I've got when I get it," she said.

FROM THE HOTBLOOD'S HORNBOOK:

Virtue: vice storing up energy.

Speaking of definitions, we like the explanation of Conditioned Reflex given by one of Pavlov's dogs to another.

"Did you ever notice," he said, "how every time the bell rings the old idiot brings us food...?"

Mrs. Grundy, busy as usual minding everybody else's business, was scandalized by the sight of a schoolboy standing on a corner lighting a cigarette. "Young man," she demanded, "does your mother know you smoke?"

"Lady," said the kid, "does your husband know you speak to strange men on the street?"

This past Easter a tragedy took place on a farm in Minnesota. Some children innocently stocked the chicken-coop with eggs dyed all the colors of the rainbow. Later that same day the rooster came in, saw the eggs, rushed out and killed the peacock.

Stan, between jobs, went to Jim and said: "Jimboy, lend me a bill. I'll pay you back Saturday." Jim lent him the \$100. But when Saturday came around Stan didn't have the money to repay Jim, so he fell in on Paul. "Pablito," he said, "let me take a bill. I'll straighten with you on Wednesday." With the \$100 he got he was able to pay Jim. But when the following Wednesday arrived he was still without the wherewithal, so he paid another call on Jim. "Look, Jaybo, I

made good last Saturday, *n'est-ce pas?* So let me have another C." Again he got the money, and returned it to Paul.

This went on for several weeks, at the end of which time Stan called them together at a meeting at his place.

"Look, fellas," he said wearily, "it's silly to keep going on like this. So Jim—every Wednesday I want you to give Paul \$100. And Paul—every Saturday you give it back to him—and leave me out of it!"

The horror story of the month concerns a man who woke up one morning in a two-bit hotel room with no memory whatever of the night before. His head was being used for "The Anvil Chorus," his mouth was stuffed full of old sweatsocks, he felt terrible... but not half as bad as he did when, looking beside him in the dirty bed, he saw sleeping the naked body of a toothless, withered crou, who must have been at least 100 years old.

"Oh, no..." he moaned, "Ohmygod no... I didn't... I couldn't have... oh—my—goddd..."

Sick to his stomach, the man dressed as quickly and quietly as he could and started to leave when, bethinking himself of the minimal decencies, he returned long enough to place a \$5 bill on the pillow beside the snoring old head. He had his hand on the knob when he noticed that another door in the room, one he had not been aware of before, was open and standing there was another old woman as horrible as the first. She wore a toothless grin from ear to ear and her hand was out.

"How about a little something for the bridesmaid...?" she asked.

And if that doesn't give you sweet dreams there's always the story of the deep-sea diver down among the plankton who received this radioed message:

"Come up quickly. The boat is sinking."



"It all started when I missed out on the college of my choice . . ."

The Damnation of Bixie Faust

a taut short
complete on these
two pages by
George Weathers



Like on about any campus, I assume, there are individuals around here who are notorious for myriad different things. For instance, there are the girls who really dig Greeks and/or other orgy-like parties. They're generally good make-outs ad infinitum. Then there are the girls who are like just fun, which is kicks for a while but gets old, and there are the intellectuals, which is everybody to his own tastes. And there are some that rather fall between the slats and are lost unless, down there underneath the floor, they find a guy who likewise fell through, in which case they're swingin' but in their own little world.

The boys could be IBM classed the same way, on the pretty much. There are snowmen who kind of sort through the skirts for something easy. The strictly athletic type attracts a certain class of camp follower or can go searching, which is sometimes brighter skies. Intellectuals and odd-balls are under every rock, but there is one bonus rank

of boys that has little to compare on the distaff side.

This centers on the complete, working caste system built up around cars. The guys with the hot Chevys sneer at the stockers and are sneered at by the Sprites, which are sneered at by the TRs, which are sneered at by the Jags and the old MGs (new, streamlined MGs see the part about TRs), which are sneered at by the very top of the heap, the Corvettes. Bixie Faust was at the top of the top.

He had "Stovebolt," a '61 'Vette with triple-chrome knock-off wire wheels, the fine straight pipe headers, four-on-the-floor, fuel injection, and 36 coats of hand-rubbed pearlescent turquoise lacquer. He always occupied this certain stall in the parking lot and no soul ever bothered it because Bixie's car was a landmark pointed out to visiting delegations and everyone was worried maybe nobody could find classes if they couldn't count paces from that roadster. And girls. There were rumors that many a female

would gladly give up—well, let's just say that the seat beside Bixie was more fervently sought than any homecoming throne in school history. Bix merely played it cool, not letting anybody get too used to the gentle yet firm pressure of his soft, cool, satiny seat-belt, and keeping the seat empty now and then, like a field lying fallow.

That was Bix the omnipotent roadster. Bix the man came to a halt up past six feet, with level hair as was much the style then. His collars were all button-down, and his slacks were all rubber-tight and several inches extra-long, which allowed very subliminally effective little single fold cuffs. Plus it was said that Bix regularly unveiled the wildest socks on campus, which is no small honor when one considers that purple nylons were in the running.

Bix dug Brubeck and Darin and had even once dated an orchestra violinist, which gave him a sort of urbane air. He had read most of *Catcher in the Rye* and had memorized some altogether sharp stuff on it, with result that he could hold his own in practically all campus conversations with that set, assuming he got so trapped. And he smoked a pipe, this generally conceded to add just the right pinch of virility to the overall Bix image. To many, in fact, Bixie Faust came eerily close to being the ideal Renaissance man.

What then could go wrong with such an Ivy League Adonis? The same ill that chilled Macbeth, Achilles, and all other higher-class heroes of storied fame. Bix had a tragic flaw.

The trouble started as he was churning along on his core curriculum, eliminating Geology 101. The first step, a pop quiz in the fifth lab, he flunked. This also with a couple of hour exams and some field work. Lest it seem overdramatic to the casual observer to rend one's garments over flunking a jerk-water geology section, it should be pointed out that Bixie's trauma was more deep-seated. The homestead was going Dutch on higher ed. for Bix, but only as long as he stayed C+. Now five hours of flat flunk does terrible, horrible things to an average, and Bixie had visions of having to let his Corvette return to the womb, the pound of flesh now due every month paying ivy-covered invoices instead. Little can we marvel then, that the bags under Bixie's eyes blended nicely with the lighter blue of his car.

Bix was facing me across a table in the lounge, languidly drowning chunks of ice in a fountain coke. In three weeks, finals would descend upon us. The moment of truth seemed near at hand.

"You know," said Bix, his voice nearly breaking, "I'd almost trade the Stovebolt for a solid C in Rocks I."

No sooner had the words crossed his lips than the area seemed enveloped in an overpowering essence of coffee and stale cigarette smoke and, as from nowhere, two fraternity brothers appeared.

"You can't mean that, Bixie," one said, a look of concern pasted loosely over his characteristic leer.

Bix's face went chalk dust for a twitch but he retained his inherent superiority over the two, a Sprite man and a '56 Chevy, and stated that he maybe might; what could they care? They smirked oilily and drew him away into the lunchroom with their bony fingers. The context of

their musings was only revealed to me that evening, as Bixie and I again faced each other over much the same table.

"They've got the final he'll give," Bix said. "They'll guarantee it's the one. All I've got to do is memorize it and I've got a chance. If I ace the final, I've got my C."

I was shocked, not that the Greeks would stoop so low, but that Bix would trade the fabulous Stovebolt to them for a geology final.

"I ain't trading it," he explained. "They just want it to use for 10 weekends in the frat. It ain't that I want to, but it shows up like the only way." I muttered something about signing in blood but Bixie, a business administration major, let it pass.

The Saturday after finals, as I gathered my shattered hopes of Summa Cum Laude about my toenails, I harkened to Bixie's annoying lack of mufflers as he pulled in the driveway. Not without wonderment I noted the overlong time he was taking to make the slope, which he generally devoured like a goosed greyhound.

When I swung wide the front door for him it was charred where his gaze had lit it.

He stalked into the room. "They had it last night."

"How did geology go?" I said, trying to be of good cheer.

"Aced it," he snapped, returning to his selected topic.

"It," as it turned out, was the fabulous Stovebolt, and "they," curses of Troy be upon them, were the Greeks. It seems that one of the gears teaning up to produce low had been returned to the Faust domain with one less tooth than it had when it left. Hence his difficulty with the driveway. Low, as Bixie's quaintly descriptive prose put it, was "blown all to hell."

Headless of consequence and of my earnest pleas, Bixie immediately secured a Greek-proof garage and put the Stovebolt in it. One does not deal so with the powers of the Great Darkness. The following weeks were times to try men's souls. Bix's parking space was the first home ground to fall to enemy occupation. Though he immediately returned the Stovebolt to its normal state of mechanical excellence, many femes, by then aware of the curse, turned their laps the other way when Bix was near.

I secretly sympathized with Bix in his own private Trojan War, but the gal I was dating was thinking of pledging Sig Delt. Bixie Faust was a good buddy, but there's a limit to what a man can be asked to give up for war. I made my decision. Bix was a marked man.

Not long ago I was trapped into saying hello to him. He has broken under the strain and traded his equity in the now-despoiled Stovebolt straight across for a '55 Studebaker business coupe. He has changed his major to geology and walks around the science building with the look of glazed inspiration characteristic of that set. Indeed, it is a sad thing to see, in place of the matching pearlescent crash helmet that always used to reside in the rear window of the Stovebolt, his little rock hammer lying in the dust of his Studebaker's back seat—to watch him trundle from the campus every day, sneered at by the hot Chevs. It's sortly reminiscent of Oedipus in his blindness. IN

Greenwich Village: The Over-Dressed Corpse

The cradle of American bohemia has become so fouled that true rebels have split



Evelyn Waugh, in his famous satirical novel, *The Loved One*, writes ostensibly about a Southern California cemetery called Whispering Glades. But when we read, early in the book, that the "recently deceased" are dressed up in elaborate, tasteless costumes, given life-like complexions and false grins, manipulated into seemingly casual postures, then placed in the midst of preposterously unreal sets devised by the funeral parlor—all forming a cadaverous tableau for the benefit of the pleased relatives, who parade by to gape at their dead "loved one"—we realize that Waugh is really writing about Hollywood movies.

This image comes back to my mind every time I visit Greenwich Village, that once alive bohemian quarter in lower Manhattan, self-proclaimed as the American Left Bank.

Sometimes the Village seems like a bald and sleezy Parisian *demi-clochard* who sells you feeble pictures—which turn out later to be about half as dirty as the average issue of *Seventeen*. Or like a palsied, reminiscent, and braggardly rouse—who last made it in 1938 and has lived on memories since, calling it yesterday.

These images work, but the Village is best described, it seems to me, as an over-dressed corpse in the Waugh tradition—life-like complexion, false grin, seemingly casual posture, with its own hoked-up costumes, its own simulated sets—all forming a façade of life after the blood has been drained, what's left of a body without senses or nerves or reflexes, not deballed so much as embalmed, not decayed so much as dehydrated—in short, a cadaverous tableau for tourists.

Remember the joke about the Frenchman who, upon being told he'd just made love to a corpse, said "Ah, so *that's* it, I thought she was an American." The visitor to Greenwich Village is apt to have the same experience, in a manner of speaking. A morbid taste may have been satisfied, but it didn't really swing.

Today's Greenwich Village reminds me of another famous bohemian haunt I visited for the first time three years ago—the Boulevard St. Germain des Pres in Paris. You walk by the sidewalk cafes, looking for Jean-Paul Sartre. And hundreds of faces peer out at you, like corpses from a cemetery, tombstones with eyes, hundreds of American tourists drinking pernod in Les Deux Magots and wondering if you're Jean-Paul Sartre. Of course Sartre left years ago, and the only existentialists

that can truly be seen are CCNY coeds.

All of which confirms the basic rule that a bohemian quarter is famous in direct proportion to its death agonies.

Walk through the Village if you doubt me—and if you're a necrophile. Freedom, bohemianism, art, sex: they're entombed in the baskets of conformity, cliché, and self-consciousness.

Walk down 8th Street, for instance—the 42nd Street of pottery.

Walk around Sheridan Square—the shrewd businessman's wet dream of bohemia.

Walk up Bleecker Street on Saturday night—the Broadway of slummers. Thousands of chic bourgeois, hearts thumping, daring daring daring to try bohemia for a night—and not a bohemian in sight.

Try Washington Square or Bank Street or 12th Street—and see how gentility enervates the bohemian spirit.

Or try an artist's supply shop (the customer ahead of you is female, 40, leather-sandalled, and started painting at the New School last month)—and see how fraudulence debases the bohemian ideal.

Glance full of tourists course the streets, matrons from Omaha peering out to look for beards.

Chic fading women in treader pants course the sidewalks—in search of what? adventure? no—they're looking for chic birthday presents with that Village look.

And gawkers everywhere, whispering "Gee, I'm in bohemia" in their Midwestern or undergraduate or East 60ish accents.

Half the people you see in the Village look like they want a medal for wickedness—but it's not wickedness they really want, only the medal.

Of course all this is well-known to the artists and writers, and has been for at least 15 years. But I'm not so much interested in beating a dead horse (or making love to a corpse for that matter), as in figuring out what the death of Greenwich Village means for American bohemia in general, what it reveals about a broad social movement, a shifting of class organization of enormous significance—a movement as yet unnamed, but which, if I have my way, will come to be known as "the rise of the nouveau-culture."

A century ago, a new social phenomenon arose in America to challenge the old aristocracy—the *nouveau-riche*. Today, in our efflu...er, affluent

obituary by Duane Ross

society, the social group on the move is the nouveau-cultured.

This new movement deserves a book, and would have gotten one from Vance Packard already, if he weren't himself such a juicy example. The spread of education, the leisure provided by our society, the paper-back revolution, the shifting of values from the sheer accumulation of wealth to the uses of wealth—all these developments, good in themselves, have created a kind of monstrous status-seeking of the intellect, a perverted tendency to find class loyalties not on the basis of wealth or blood but on the basis of supposed cultural achievement and sensibility.

Far from becoming more and more materialistic, Americans are becoming more and more culture-conscious: in the worst possible sense. No other society in history has arrived at the position where it's commonplace to refer to "the man who has everything." Since so many people "have everything," they turn to the arts for distinction.

Of course, the two drives of materialism and culture-consciousness combine (\$50 art books on the coffee table), but it would be a serious mistake for artists and bohemians to continue to think exclusively in the old cliché of materialism vs. bohemian values. Because the true danger, the insidious danger, is that the materialists—the same enemy—have changed their tactics. An incredibly large number of bourgeois no longer scorn bohemia, they embrace it. They look on the artist much as the *nouveau-riche* looked on the aristocracy—an undertone of suspicion mixed with enormous admiration—and if the artist doesn't want to suffer the fate of the aristocracy, he'd better learn to beware an admiration with such venomous results.

The effects of this nouveau-cultured class on American bohemia can best be gauged by looking at the death of Greenwich Village in more detail.

The most obvious reason for the decline and fall of Greenwich Village is its fame. As soon as it became aware of itself, it began to die. Like some love affairs, it flourished best in secrecy—with marriage, with openness, came stagnation.

It might even be accurate (and painfully ironic) to date the death of Greenwich Village with the founding of its principle spokesman, *The Village Voice*, in September, 1955. Still the best weekly newspaper in America (Feiffer, Hentoff, Wilcock, et al), and probably the only newspaper in the world which carried an account of a recent but already famous

symposium on the subject: "Is F—— Overrated?" the *Voice* nevertheless does no ultimate service to the bohemian spirit by making it articulate, self-conscious, and most significant, widely available.

To put it as succinctly as possible, as soon as any movement reaches print, it reaches the frauds—and the frauds, far outnumbering the true bohemians, soon take over.

Everyone's had the experience of going to a favorite restaurant or bar for years. When the squares find out, move in, you move to a new place. Well, you don't advertise where you've moved to, and *The Village Voice* is just this advertisement. A good one, but like Dante, its triumph signals the end of an age.

The famous artist and models balls of the '20s, just to give one example of the disastrous effects of publicity (for which the *Voice* isn't to blame), soon attracted the superficial sensation seekers, with the predictable result that they eventually gave way to the garish honky-tonk strip-clip-joints that make parts of the Village look like a downtown version of 52nd Street. The nude model, amateurishly but spontaneously dancing, is no longer wildly applauded by the bohemian artist. Now the professional, hard-nosed stripper is leered at by the businessman—who says he hates bohemians and is willing to spend \$50 a night, on meager drinks and frayed G-strings, trying to act like one.

But self-consciousness, fame, and thus the attraction of hordes of frauds and tourists—this is only the first reason for the death of Greenwich Village. Frankly, there isn't the need for a centralized bohemia that there was 30 or 40 years ago. Today you can buy Henry Miller and William Burroughs in Peoria and Abilene as well as Paris, you can get your stories or poems published in hip magazines in Chicago, New Orleans or San Francisco as well as New York, you can pick up a magazine like this one at almost any newsstand in America and get the work of writers who in 1925 would have been passing carbon copies of their stories up and down MacDougal Street.

And if your urine turns black at the thought of the Puritanical, bourgeois sex morality of this screwed-up (screwed-down?) country, keep in mind that we've reached no sexual utopias, but we've at least come far enough along so you no longer have to pack up, leave home, and move to that small haven in lower Manhattan in order to find a girl who agrees with you.

In fact, you might do better to stay in Denver or St. Louis or Miami—or even the Bronx for that matter. Village girls

are notorious for their verbalized and theoretical dedication to sex. The principle is "the lady doth protest too much"—they've got Wilhelm Reich's theory of the orgasm down pat just because they have so much trouble with a real one.

And if Greenwich Village sex isn't verbal, it's likely to be a business. A first step in decline: the organization of sin. The entrepreneurs of sex, uniformed doormen at the curb, padded B-girls drinking tea. It happened to Pig Alley, and now it's happening to the Village, where the vaunted orgies have all the spontaneity of a brick.

But one of the most depressing reasons for the death of Greenwich Village was simply that bohemianism became saleable. Now let's just take a simple thing like sandals, for instance—suddenly they're the rage, rather than a symbol of the bohemian outsider. Point: they're the rage just because they're a symbol of the bohemian outsider (every self-shamed bourgeois has to have a pair). Result: you can't just buy any sandals (I mean how bohemian is Thom McAnn?), you have to get yours in the Village; so shops spring up, entrepreneurs manufacture sandals with that skillfully designed sloppy look (the "craft" showing all over), and soon 90% of sandal sales are made to people who want to be thought of as belonging to the 10% of true bohemians.

Saudals are just an example. Walk up and down West 4th Street for a dozen more. And of course the self-advertised bohemianism of these stores is just as fraudulent as the religion of the shops that surround the Vatican—getting their 10% profit margin on crucifixes and bleeding hearts. "They wanna buy sandals, I sell 'em sandals. What's your gimmick?" (I'm reminded of a fellow I saw in Europe recently who had a wine-sack slung over his shoulder with the words "Pamplona, Spain" neatly burned into the leather. Not only did he lack the rudimentary intelligence to see that such self-advertising was phony, he apparently didn't even get the supreme hilarity of the words being in English. Trying too hard to be "in" can mark a man as the squarest of the square.)

What happened to sandals, alas, happened to painting and art as well—they became saleable. They didn't find appreciation, an audience, they found buyers. But we'll get to that in due course, because at the moment we still have a corpse on our hands.

Sure, there are still "artists" in Greenwich Village—abstract expressionists whose tools are paint, brush, canvas, and
(continued on page 70)

SUMMERTIME AND THE DRESSIN' IS EASY

This month Nugget rushes the season to bring you a preview of what promises to be a colorful and comfortable summer. Our links lads, pictured here, have selected a fascinating variety of garb to defeat old Jupe Pluvius. The two hooded characters are wearing: A black sail-cloth boating parka by Paddle and Saddle (it has three carry-all pockets and drawstrings at the neck and waist). And a bat-shaped reversible poncho by Reliance. Under the umbrella we find an official Gary Player cap by Fleetway, Glen Plaid shirt by Cisco, Par Four golf jacket in combed cotton by Reliance and slacks by Big Yank. The porkpie chap is wearing a Marlboro side-zip denim pullover.



Natural Alpaca in a six-button cardigan, by Himalaya, is the choice of this stylish bucko. Under it he wears a subtle wash and wear check. His friend attracts attention in a gold denim-type Arnel and cotton sports coat by Petrocelli's Walnut Hill division. With it he's wearing a Young Alumni tapered Madras button-down and blue denim shorts by Amblers. They feature heavy contrast stitching and two deep front pockets. The avant-gardist is wearing a collarless East Indian inspiration by Leon of Paris. Tarra Hall created the lightweight, check sports coat sported by our next sport. It has two buttons, double side vents and flap-slant pockets.



Our next duffer wears a striking Astro Jac by Marlboro. It has a knitted collar and multi-color panels. He's talking to the chap in the red, long-sleeved knitted shirt by Ensenada, who's dashing, striped, button-front is a worthy indoor and outdoor companion in easy-to-manage Acrilan. The debonair, devil-may-care cat at the end of the line rounds out our summer preview in a seersucker-type peppermint stripe, again by the Walnut Hill division of Petrocelli. It's called "The Malibu," and features European-cum-American styling. Underneath other garments, we also spotted new Banlon knitted shirts of Enka Nylon created by Munsingwear.



CAMPFIRE SONGS FOR INDOOR TYPES

with disturbing lyrics by Lee Steeger

WHEN LENNY COMES BACK TO PHILLY TOWN

*[anticipating the dreaded return of a famed sick comic,
in the fashion of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"]*

When Lenny comes back to Philly town, My God! My God!
Our druggist shops will all shut down, My God! My God!
Our girls will faint, our boys will shout,
The vice squad men will all turn out.
What a sad, dark day
When Lenny comes back to town.

Our clergy won't dig his anecdotes, My God! My God!
Our starlings will sing four-letter notes, My God! My God!
His jokes will make the Quakers quake
So hard our Bell that's cracked will break.
What a sad, dark day
When Lenny comes back to town.

Our Main Line folks will disapprove, My God! My God!
The Saturday Evening Post will move, My God! My God!
We'd close the town before it's slurred,
But it's been closed since George The Third.
What a sad, dark day
When Lenny comes back to town.

DOUGIE BOY

[a Fire Island frolic, patterned after "Billy Boy"]

Oh, where have you been, Dougie boy, Dougie boy?
Oh, where have you been, charming Dougie?
I have made the Village scene,
Where I found myself a queen.
He's a young thing with strong, possessive mother.

Oh, what does he do, Dougie boy, Dougie boy?
Oh, what does he do, charming Dougie?
He sets coils for Madame's head,
And he's known as Mr. Fred.
He's a young thing with strong, possessive mother.

What did your doctor say, Dougie boy, Dougie boy?
What did your doctor say, charming Dougie?
"It's more healthy, son," he said,
"To go out with girls instead."
He's a young thing with strong, possessive mother.

And what did you do, Dougie boy, Dougie boy?
And what did you do, charming Dougie?
Well, I found a Village miss,
But she seems to dig my sis.
She's a young thing with strong, possessive father.

MY DARLING HOLLYWOOD

[a song of lost love in the "My Darling Clementine" mold]

In the '20s, '30s, '40s,
Like Gibraltar, staunch you stood,
Citadel of motion pictures,
How I loved you, Hollywood.
Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Hollywood!
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Hollywood!

First came TV, then came BB,
And in time I understood:
Mr. Clean, he and Fellini
Took the play from Hollywood.
[Repeat chorus.]

William Holden is in Europe,
Where he earns his livelihood.
So are Bergmans—Ingmar, Ingrid.
Sandra Dee's in Hollywood.
[Repeat chorus.]

You had Griffith, you had Chaplin,
And the flower of womanhood.
Now you say that there's no Chaplin,
What a pity, Hollywood!
[Repeat chorus.]

Gone are starlets with ambition,
And it seems they're gone for good.
For their kicks now, big producers
Make their wives in Hollywood.
[Repeat chorus.]

Supermarkets, huge and gruesome,
They now stand where studios should.
Forest Lawn has all the glamour—
Swinging spot of Hollywood.
[Repeat chorus.]

I'M IN CHARGE OF THREE BRIGHT BUTTONS

*[a lively roundelay to the tune of
"She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain"]*

I'm in charge of three bright buttons on this floor (on this floor).
I can push two of the buttons 'case of war ('case of war).
Amber button's to attack with,
Orange button's to strike back with,
And the yellow one's to open up the door.

I'm in charge of three bright buttons, nothing more (nothing more).
And I know exactly what each button's for (button's for).
Amber button's to attack with,
Orange button's to strike back with,
And the yellow one's to open up the door.

There's the bell, it's my relief man, Col. Moore (Col. Moore).
I'll just push the yellow button like before (like before).
Oops, I pushed the amber button,
Now they'll push their orange button—
What a messy way to open up a door.

An Exclusive Chat With Marlon Brando

by Henry Gris

An indefatigable Nugget reporter beards America's most fascinating performer long enough to get the authentic bouquet

The white Thunderbird swooped down on Hollywood from its eyrie on Mulholland Drive. It was Monday morning. Brando was back at work after a week's absence from the set of *The Ugly American*.

There was nothing temperamental about his truancy. He had been home nursing an injured toe, an unpleasant side effect of a wood-chopping session in the back yard of the Thunderbird's eyrie. Director George Englund stoically shot around his star, and at the weekend, members of the Brando retinue dropped by the house to see how the Boss was progressing. He was doing fine, and he chatted with them while his wife, Movita, poured drinks and occasionally joined in the conversation.

She is a very beautiful woman, with commanding proud looks and an aloofness which almost matches Brando's own, creating an impression—to outsiders—of a certain strangeness in their relationship. The guests noticed that although Movita is Brando's wife and mistress of the house; that they obviously were happy, calling each other darling, and other such marital endearments, this aloofness in Movita made it appear as though she, too, was little more than a guest in the house.

A mystery woman in the life of a genuine mystery man, Movita was 45 years old—Brando's senior by a decade—when she bore him a son. That was two years ago.

Since then, during Marlon's months of work on *Mutiny on the Bounty* and later on *The Ugly American*, she led a strangely secluded life, like a character in an Alfred Hitchcock thriller. She was in and out of the Brando castle, disappearing and reappearing with all the skill of an undercover agent. If she ever ventured into Hollywood and the valley below during this



period, none of the ever-watchful newshawks (or hens) was aware of it.

But now it was Monday, and Brando was going back to work. I was at the studio for my prearranged interview with the actor. It would have to be held between scenes and they were not sure when Mr. Brando would be free. Meanwhile, I could wait.

Brando showed up wearing an open collar shirt, sweater, a pair of old slacks and soft bedroom loafers, and went straight to his trailer dressing room. While changing into the white linen suit of Ambassador Harrison Carter MacWhite he spied a worried expression on the face of his wardrobe man, David Watson. What was wrong? Watson was reluctant but Brando was insistent. "Out with it," he said.

So Watson told him. He always has, as have other members of the Brando entourage who think of him as a sort of White Father and "the greatest listener in the world." Watson's sister was having a baby and there were complications.

Brando listened attentively as the wardrobe man unburdened his heart, and Watson left for other chores feeling better—as he apparently always does after a Brando confessional.

Then Lisa Lu knocked on the door of Brando's dressing room to hand him a page of rewritten dialogue, prepared that morning to render the lines he had learned earlier, useless.

As usual, he handed the sheet back to the Chinese girl without even looking at it. This had developed into a sort of ritual in the relationship between the star and his dialogue coach, an exchange of signals. Brando could never learn his lines by reading. He had no use for a script, like other actors, and Lisa Lu was the one who carried his copy around for him. He would never consult it, however. Brando's dialogue must be read aloud to him. On this picture, and during *One Eyed Jacks*, he memorized his lines by listening to this diminutive Peking-born girl with almond eyes. He met her in Hollywood three years ago and in a daring mood made her his English-language coach.

The same tongue-in-cheek attitude toward the accoutrements of the Hollywood movie star was behind his more recent selection of a stand-in. Brando is the only Hollywood male star who has a female stand-in—Marie Squire, the matronly wife of Phil Rhodes, his make-up man.

Lisa Lu has become a permanent member of the Brando entourage, doting on him like the rest of them and making

a life's mission out of her role as private promoter.

Today, as usual, Lisa Lu would read to him whenever he called for her. All of them, from Watson to Lisa Lu to Mary Squire to Phil Rhodes, have trained themselves to hear his call whatever the distance and whatever the noise on the sound stage.

Their devotion is such that they can attend to other duties or carry on a conversation with one ear cocked for the sound of their master's voice. You chat for a while with one of them and suddenly he will say: "Excuse me, Mr. Brando is calling"—and take off. You heard nothing, the grips, the workers, the extras heard nothing.

During takes, Lisa Lu would stand in the wings, script at the ready. As Brando walked off the set, she would join him, flipping over the page. She would read the lines, listen to him repeat them and nod politely. Then he would be off again into the heat of the arc lights for another take.

In the scene set in the lobby of the bomb-damaged U.S. Embassy, Ambassador MacWhite addresses a crowd of American nationals trying to get out of Communist-threatened Sarkhan. All evacuees would be given all necessary consideration, he tells them wearily. Brando, stumbling through the still unfamiliar lines, invariably came out with "all necessary attention," instead of "consideration." Lisa Lu smiled politely into the open script and muttered the right words under her breath. She would correct him later.

The scene over, Brando walked off the set to his portable dressing room to wait out the tedious period during which lights would be changed and cameras rearranged. He disappeared into the trailer and a few minutes later Lisa Lu came out. "Mr. Brando will see you now," she said to me.

Brando was squatting atop the wide couch. He had exchanged the Ambassador's white shoes for his loafers, but had kept on the linen suit. It had to look crumpled and he was helping it to stay in character.

Marlon Brando is always aware of himself, ever-conscious of the way he looks. It is as though he has an inner mirror which enables him to see himself as others do. On this occasion he was being studiously cool, calm and collected. The tiny beads of perspiration on his forehead looked incongruous.

He motioned me to the couch and brought a chair from the back of the trailer for the publicity man in attend-

ance. The attendance obviously was part of the ritual. The publicist cleared his throat and informed Brando that he would, regretfully, be forced to abandon the trailer shortly to attend a funeral. His secretary, Miss Bentley, would replace him, he said.

Brando slowly turned his head toward the publicist, squinted his eyes, and leaned back for a better look. His eyes beamed in on the man and went right on through to the wall behind. "Who died?" he asked.

It was Bill Gordon, a public relations firm executive of long standing. "You must have met him," said the publicist.

Brando appeared to think a while, as if trying to conjure up an image of the man who had died. "What did he die of?"

"Cancer," said the publicity man. Brando grimaced and nodded his head. Then he sighed, indicating that the subject had better be changed. The publicist politely inquired about his injured foot and it soon became obvious that it was his own foot that was in trouble. He'd put it in his mouth. Brando stared blandly at him as though the question had never been asked. The incident had taken place at the Brando home and thus was not a matter for public discussion.

The interview wasn't going too well at this point. It wasn't going at all—and wouldn't unless the subject was changed again. I had visited Brando more than a week previously—before his accident—for a similarly chaperoned tete-a-tete. On that occasion we had talked, for some reason, about Abyssinia. I had mentioned visiting the country and Brando had insisted on my telling him all about it.

What kind of people are the Abyssinians? Are they sad people, happy people? How does the Coptic Church influence their lives? Is there any kinship between them and the Watusi? Told about the Obelisks of Axum, he recalled reading about the discovery.

Had he, then, read much about such subjects? Some, he replied. Ancient civilizations had always interested him. He cited Bali, an unusual island culture surrounded by ancient civilizations. He described a visit to the island. "They are Hindu surrounded by Moslems. Nobody could ever explain how they were able to preserve their own way of life and religion in the middle of a sea of Moslem humanity, Indonesia."

Did he do a study of the civilization of Bali? No, he hadn't. Wasn't he a student of the Orient? No, he was not. Well, didn't he have an affinity for the Oriental countries then?

(continued on page 56)

NON-FLABBY SABBY

We are on a German kick this issue only because the post-Hitler frauleins have turned out to be some of the tastiest yumyum around. The little old beer-drinker up above is named Sabina Sesselmann, and sweet Sabby is currently in England working on a flick called **Information Received**. In this shoot-'em-up story, Limey style, Sabina plays the part of a gangster's moll and from what we hear does a very convincing job. Of course, she hails from a country that's had a lot of recent experience in this kind of bang-bang epic, but the lass herself doesn't want any part of politics and just wants to make a million bucks as a beautiful blonde screen menace. Nugget, always shooting a bloodshot eye at the latest femmes on the scene, thinks the little old beer-drinker stands a chance. Back home in Rhineland Sabby is regarded as the local Ingrid Bergman, although when you flip the page you'll see this lush number in a pose that Ingrid, with her north-country sense of propriety, would have edited out of her repertoire. Stuffy Ingrid, der prude! See



what we mean? The torrid embrace in which Sabby is a non-innocent participant is being dutifully carried out on the male end by William Sylvester, co-star of this fish-and-chips thriller. Nice work, eh gents? Let's be realistic: it doesn't seem to be costing **either** of them any pain. Sabby's ultimate desire, we understand, is to bring her German jazz to America and genuinely feminize some of our more corseted screen gems. She believes in the flesh, Miss Sabby does, and you will hear no kicks coming from this happy quarter.





BRANDO (continued from page 52)

"Yes," he said, and scratched an ear. "Yes, I suppose I have an affinity of sorts for the East. But I cannot explain it. Europe doesn't interest me."

His love for the East, he added pensively, was based neither on knowledge nor compassion. He could see the squalor and smell the stench like anyone else.

"You've made me think of Jakarta," he said. "The water in its so-called canal is so muddy because it is nothing but an open sewage line. People empty their garbage into it, urinate into it, bathe in it and drink the water. And die because nothing could be more infested. They call it a canal."

"I love the East, but I don't love it with my eyes closed."

Now, more than a week later, I was back in the trailer. It might have been the same day, though, because Brando was wearing the same white linen suit, the same tie, and the same expression. The face was a semblance of Marlon Brando, sporting, a dainty, trim mustache, slightly disdainful and brooding, like the mask of a Kabuki dancer that fully covers the man who wears it.

That this narcissistic mask was a tightly shut gate to the inner private world of Marlon Brando was obvious. It was designed to be operated from within and would forestall any attempts at trespass, very much like a sign on a gate which says: "Beware of the Bull."

But our previous talk had gone well, so he might, I felt, make an exception and raise the guard a little. I wasn't overconfident, having previously been warned by the publicity man: "You know him. They say he has mellowed and he has—so far as the actors and the crew of this picture are concerned. It's a far cry from *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which we ended up despising."

"But not toward reporters. He will take charge of the interview and ramble away until he has had enough—and that's the end. He still talks about his work only, and never mentions other movie stars. And don't ask a personal question because the interview comes to an end then and there."

He was staring straight through my eyes, but I decided to take a chance anyhow.

I reminded him that during our earlier talk we had discussed Abyssinia, Indonesia and Bali, and the civilizations of those countries. I would, I said, like to measure the world of Hollywood and its stars against them. It might come out well in the comparison because, however unreal, Hollywood offers a fascinating study

of human destinies weaving a mad course across the map of time and fate. Obviously, much of the public attention Hollywood inspires is based on vicarious self-association, but doesn't this very fact saddle movie stars with a responsibility toward their public? Would he agree with this premise so far?

"I agree there is a desire for identification with the heroes and heroines they see on the screen," he said, his face still a blank mask. "I also agree that movie stars are given a great degree of attention in this world of ours. It does not necessarily mean that the attention heaped on them is deserved or desired. I notice that Grace Kelly has done pretty well recently in recapturing world attention. Whether this was done deliberately or not, the purpose was achieved."

"It amuses me to see some persons synthetically build situations which lead first to their recognition as movie stars and then to front-page news. Synthetic apparitions who have nothing to do with acting but know how to reach the public. There you have the example of Jayne Mansfield."

"But then there is the case of a movie star on the receiving end of an exaggerated attention he has done little to warrant, and he still gets the pie between the eyes. Take the case of Eddie Fisher and that girl..."

He frowned. He was probably the only man in the world who could forget that name—even momentarily.

"Elizabeth Taylor," supplied the publicity man, politely.

"Yes, Elizabeth Taylor," he said. "What happened to Fisher and her, as a result of her going off to sleep with another man is something that is happening in this country every day of the week, in every city and on every level of society. The oldest story in the world. Certainly not worth half the fuss that was stirred up. Obviously it was the names involved that did it. But the degree of their responsibility to themselves is no different from that of the couples you never hear about."

He was neither condoning nor approving the latest incident in the life of Elizabeth Taylor. He couldn't care less about it.

The mask dissolved into a brief, slight smile. Or was it another mask? A knock on the door heralded the arrival of a replacement for the publicity man. Miss Bentley entered and the men stood up. "It is time for the funeral," the publicist said, and departed. The secretary sat down in his chair. Brando sank back onto the couch, his thoughts disrupted

by the incident. He pushed an inner button and things got back into focus.

"Gladiators," he said.

"I beg your pardon," I said. I needn't have bothered, he didn't hear me.

"Gladiators in the days of ancient Rome, theatrical divas of the 19th century, and fighters, and baseball players and all kinds of sports figures." He turned his head to reveal his amazingly Napoleonic profile. Again that self-awareness. He knew exactly how he looked at any moment of the conversation.

"It's all the same thing," Brando went on, letting out a slight sigh. "The same formula at work. Had they had fan magazines in ancient Rome they would have been full of stories, all as untrue as those printed now about movie stars like myself, only they would be dealing with the gladiators. And the favorite gladiator would make the cover. Hollywood didn't invent anything. It's the people."

"I can quite see that people would be much more interested in what is happening to Elizabeth Taylor than what Dean Rusk and Chancellor Adenauer may have told each other in Bonn. But I can go farther than that. I bet that a sex fiend roaming Hollywood to terrorize stars will win out over Elizabeth Taylor in a contest for front-page space. I think this is a sad reflection on our times and if I sound brutal about it I am being deliberate so as to attract attention to something we had all better get together to combat. Obviously then, this leaves movie stars out. I don't think that the gladiators were able to influence public mores in ancient Rome, either. The behavior of movie stars in no way influences the pattern of life of our society. It's a fallacy."

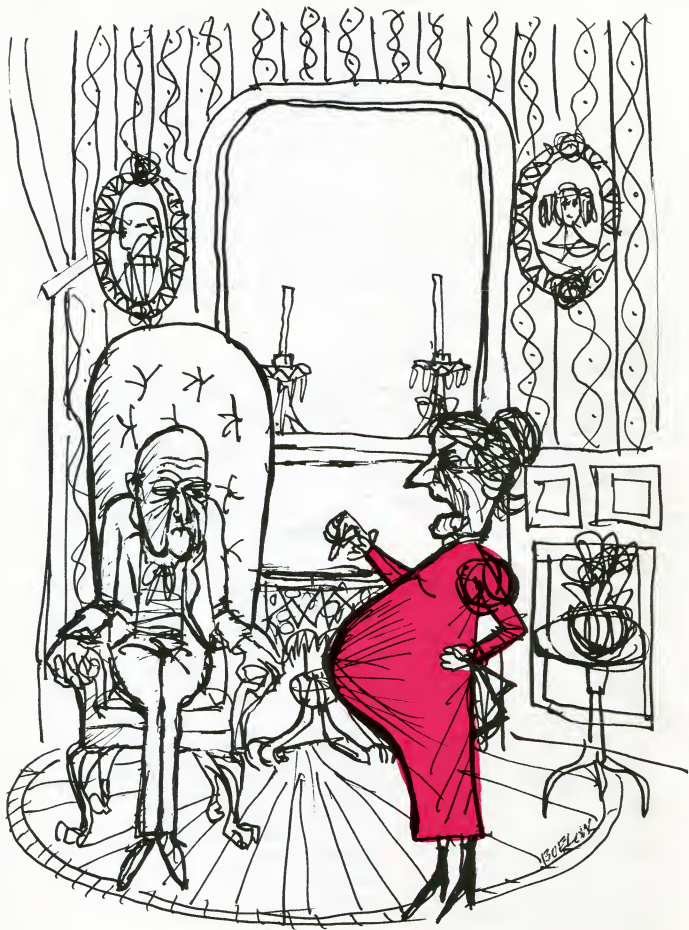
He was defending a band of actors living the way they chose, and in doing so he was defending himself. He believes that they—and he—are within their rights in setting a course of behavior which takes no cognizance of the public in general.

"Tell me how it feels to be on the receiving end of public curiosity and perhaps we may understand you better," I asked. It was the type of question which usually ends a Brando interview. This time, it didn't.

"I can tell you," he said. "It can become very irritating at close quarters. But amusing at longer range."

"People would rather read fan magazine stories about movie stars like myself, that bear no semblance whatever to truth, and know full well it's nothing but fiction. You see there is no alternative, because mostly the truth is dull. And yet

(continued on page 72)



"You and your once more for old time's sake!"

"I don't rightly know what you mean," he said.

"And I thought you were *au courant*, *mon ami*. Well, perhaps we give you the little French lesson. *Alors*, we begin now, yes?"

He looked beyond Felix.

"You got visitors," he said. "I hope I'm not busting into a private shindig."

"On the contrary," Felix said, propelling him down the stairs with a push on his back, "you are the guest of honor. I'm sure you'll relate with our group quite nicely. Come along and meet them. Ah, I think you know Valerie, yes?"

She was standing, her back to the window. She smiled. He returned her smile.

"And this is my friend and your friend, Abbie Shillabert. Abbie, this is Herman Stookey from out Texas way."

"Pleased to meet you-all," he said to them.

"It's a pleasure, Mr. Stookey," Abbie said. He was a kinetic gnome of a man with a wrinkled face.

"Make yourself comfortable, Herm," Felix said.

He sat on the sofa. Valerie didn't move. Felix took out some photographs from a manila envelope. There were 24 of them. He spread them out on the table.

"What's this?"

"I took 'em," Abbie said.

"Look them over," Felix invited. "You should find them interesting."

He did. He blushed. From the follicles of his hair to the nerve endings of his toes he was experiencing shame. Wherever there was a scintilla of epidermis on his body, it went pink. The pictures were action shots of his actions the evening before. He was struck dumb.

"You like the definition, Mr. Stookey?" Abbie said eagerly. "You see the composition in this one here? Thank God, I had good backlighting on them. See the shadows here. I make my pictures works of art. It's a pleasure to shoot a man with a build like yours."

"This is terrible," he said. "How can you do such a thing to another person? I've got a wife and children. If it ever got out—my whole life would be wrecked, my children's lives. What are you going to do with these—these—"

"Now, Herm, let's not push the panic button," Felix said, smiling amiably again. "I'm sure we can come to terms." He always calculated exactly how much it was convenient to exact. He never asked too much. He had already checked Stookey's economic background in Standard & Poor's and his credit rating in Dun & Bradstreet's. The foundation

of his business was conservatism. Greed has ruined many an otherwise clever blackmailer. And once he was paid off—he never troubled the same client again. He delivered the negatives as well as the prints and washed his hands of that case.

"So you want money? How much?"

"Shall we say—\$10,000. In cash, of course. Bills of small denomination—nothing larger than hundreds."

"Where am I supposed to lay my hands on that much hard cash now?"

"Oh you have plenty of time. Until Tuesday at 3:30. Two banking days. Fair enough? I'm sure you have sufficient credit sources to tap for this pitifully small sum."

"You sure put it over on me, Felix. You acted like such a nice guy and I fell for it."

"Like you suggested, Herm, there's an angle to every apparent act of generosity. Now you have found it out. It's a good lesson and rather cheap, considering."

"I thought you were on the level, Valerie," he said.

"What's the difference?" she said, shrugging. Her voice was hoarse.

"I thought you liked me," he said.

"Maybe I did," she said.

"I think I was falling in love with you. I never was with a girl I loved so much as you."

"That's too damn bad, isn't it?" she said. "Too goddamn bad." She went behind the bar and poured some Scotch into a glass. She drank it neat.

He was turning the pictures over.

"How'd you take these?" he asked Abbie.

"I shot through the television screen. It's a dummy. We got it rigged up for this. I was in the next apartment."

"Will you for chrissake close that big trap of yours?" Felix said.

"Sorry, Feel," the photographer muttered.

He stood up. "Okay," he said, "I'll have the cash Tuesday. Where do I bring it?"

"Right here," Felix said.

"I guess I'll go along now." He walked over to Valerie. She was staring down at a cut-glass bowl which was empty. He pulled her chin up and he kissed her. "I did fall in love with you I think," he said.

She slapped him hard. "Why don't you get the hell out of here right now? I'm sick and tired of guys like you with wives and kids talking about love."

He walked to the door, not looking.

"Oh reservoir," Felix cried.

He slammed the door. Outside, he had to lean against a wall. He felt himself

getting dizzy. Then he got hold of himself. He took the elevator down. In the air, he took deep breaths until he felt relief all over. He trudged west. At Madison Avenue, he twisted the band off his finger. He threw it in a trash-can. It was a five-and-dime wedding ring. It was phony—like his Texas accent, on which he'd worked in his hotel room. He wasn't from Texas. He was from Bloomington, Indiana. His name was Jud Heathcote. He was the president of a large firm of wholesalers in automobile replacement parts. He was 31 years old. He was not married. A friend of his, Mike Pearson, an older man, married and with two children, had been taken by Traphagen and had described the swindle to him because he had needed help in raising money. It was this friend whom Traphagen had met at the bar near Midway Airport.

He had had to come to New York to see a lawyer about a small inheritance and, in a whimsical mood, he decided to pass himself off as the man from Texas. He had selected a real man with a real business, whom he'd previously looked up in Dun & Bradstreet's. He had thought it would be smart to have a big night in town on Traphagen's expense. Pearson had told him all about the operation and how Traphagen picked up the restaurant tabs and sprang for a Broadway show and a night club and set him up with a beautiful dame. Well, he had had the big night and it hadn't cost him a nickel and he'd gone to bed with the greatest dame he'd ever gone to bed with or ever would go to bed with. He wished he could see the expression on Felix's face when he didn't show on Tuesday and Felix getting sad and putting the heat on the real Herman Stookey who wouldn't know what the hell Felix was screaming at him about.

Still he didn't feel so good. He felt differently with Valerie than with any other girl before. He didn't know anybody like her in Bloomington. He was going steady with a girl who was in the sociology department at the college. She was an intelligent and a warm person, but she had no class. Well, he guessed he'd propose to her and marry her and settle down. He was getting old enough to settle down, he knew that. He couldn't go on like this, living in erotic fantasies. He wished he had met Valerie in another time and another place. He knew he would never forget her.

He went back to the hotel. He packed. He took the limousine to the airport and got on the first plane for Indianapolis.

IN

A stark account of what it's like in one of the most fascinating and deadly towns in this country



LAS VEGAS, USA

**CLOSEUP BY
DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG**

Going to Vegas?"

"Yes," I replied. "The first time."

The man in the next plane seat was of slight build, with pale blue eyes and hair prematurely gray. "You'll love it," he said. "I go about five times a year."

"Five times!" I exclaimed. "How do you manage to get so much time off?"

"That's no problem," he said. "I'm retired. I retired three years ago, when I hit 40. I worked as an engineer in Detroit, where I come from, and invented a method to weld thin laminated sheets of copper to steel. Borg-Warner bought the patent from me and I get \$40,000 a year as long as I live."

"I envy you," I said. "You must do a lot of traveling."

"No," he said. "My wife's English and she and the boy spend a good bit of time over there. But I can't take it. The States are good enough for (continued on page 60)

me. And I like Vegas most of all."

"Do you gamble a lot?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I really don't lose too much, maybe a few thousand here and there. I make some of it back. But Vegas fascinates me. It's just as interesting to watch the faces as play the machines. And downtown is even better than the Strip, you know, where all the big hotels are. Downtown the stakes aren't so big but it's more serious—they come to win because they have to, their marriage is shot and they want to make up to the lady or they've taken money and have to settle accounts. Go to the Nugget or the Fremont casinos if you want a human show that makes the Strip look second-rate."

"Is it an expensive town?" I asked.

"That depends on what you're looking for," he said. "You can spend as much or as little as you want. If you can keep away from the gambling, things are real cheap. You can get a fine room in a first-class hotel for \$10. Drinks and food are reasonable. They have the top shows with no cover or minimum—for the cost of a drink, say 80c, you can watch the Folies Bergere or see the top talent, like Zsa Zsa Gabor, Jerry Lewis, Frank Sinatra, Red Skelton, Dean Martin, that kind. If you sit at the gambling tables, they even give you free drinks. I have a friend from L.A. who spends all his vacations at Vegas. He doesn't gamble but has a hell of a good time for around \$20 a day."

"I should think everyone in California would be jumping over all the time if that's the case," I said.

"Don't kid yourself. Only one day there and you'll feel the old itch. It gets you. I don't know how to describe it. I went to Vegas two years ago, lost \$10,000 and decided never to return. But I keep going back."

"So you come from Detroit," I said.

"I passed through there recently. They told me there's a lot of unemployment." "I think so," he said. "But you know, I don't follow that sort of thing much. What with the boy going to college this fall and these trips, I'm too busy. In fact, for the last month I've been working on a new system to use at craps. Here, set up your tray and I'll show you the idea behind it. . . ."

My body was still set on Eastern Standard time, a three hour difference, and it was 6 o'clock in the morning Nevada time when I went down to eat breakfast. I heard a low drone of voices and walked across the lobby to the casino.

The casino was a wide long room blocked from normal daylight, lit by

overhead chandeliers. Set in the center were the playing tables, a croupier perched at each end. The slot machines were grouped along the sides of the tables, row on row, a little like metallic grave-stones in the dim light. Guards strolled up and down, husky men, revolvers strapped to the belt, chatting in lazy fashion with the cocktail waitresses.

The room was lushed. Beneath the gurgle of the canned music a subdued murmur, similar to the low-voiced chant in church, echoed. Men in dungarees and shirtsleeves stood over the green felt tables dropping chips on the white numbers. The women were dressed much more formally: long brilliant décolleté dresses, fur jackets, glittering jewelry. The chips moved and were raked together, the cash register rang, the voice of the croupier sounded, the chips moved again. . . . the players in silence ranged at the tables, only their hands and eyes alive.

The restaurant was behind the casino. I sat down and ordered breakfast. Since I was on vacation I asked for a beer.

Bar service was separate. In a few minutes a most beautiful young girl appeared, dressed in a halter and short skirt that revealed lithe legs. She was barely out of her teens.

"You pay me," she said with disdain.

The bottle of beer was 50c. I had a dollar and she returned two quarters.

"Don't you have smaller change?"

The girl sniffed in the air and then, without replying, walked away.

When the regular waiter came back, I complained: "Isn't 15c a good enough tip on a 50c bottle of beer?"

He laughed. "Not even a quarter. Why should she bother with your two bits when, by keeping her eyes open, she may be able to pick up a \$100 chip in the next hour or so." He continued slyly. "But she'll have to do more than serve beer for that!"

"Are they all in the business?" I asked.

"No, I wouldn't say that," the waiter said with a slight smirk. "It's just that willingness might be called a kind of mutual understanding on both sides before they're employed. I've never heard of anyone being fired for not cooperating with management, though sometimes the ante has to be pushed real high."

"A \$100 chip," I said. "Not bad at all."

"Just watch," the waiter confided.

"That's nothing. When the boys win after an all night session, especially that Los Angeles crowd, \$100 chips are small change. But it's a lot more refined than it used to be years ago, before the clean-up drive. In the old days the girls actu-

ally propositioned men sitting right smack next to their wives or girlfriends. You don't see that anymore."

"Quite a place," I said.

"No worse than most, just more open. In the other towns you have to work to find out what's what. Here everything is better organized, the syndicate control of gambling, the nude shows, the free-wheeling gals. It's all right on the table. You put down your cash and you get what you want — anything. The only question is how much money you have."

Downtown Las Vegas at night is more lit up than Broadway at Times Square. Massive bunches of red, yellow and blue bulbs turn the building fronts into huge pools of glaring light. Arcades of neon tubes blare to the eye the names of the famous gambling houses. And inside the open fronts, stretching row on row, are the slot machines.

I walked along Fremont Street admiring the graceful girls in jeans and halters hurrying to make the early show. I stopped into a shoe repair store.

"Shine?" I asked.

A broad-shouldered Negro gestured for me to mount a chair.

"Been here long?" he said.

"A couple of days. You live here?"

"No, bless the good Lord," he said.

"I been took. Soon's I get my clothes out of hock, I'm pushing on. This town's too big for me."

"Your clothes!" I said. "You mean you actually hocked your clothes?"

"Mister," he said, "you just don't know this town. And you better get out before you learn. You gamble away your money. You gamble away your girl's money. Then you write your home girl for money. But that ain't *nothing*. It's like a fever. It gets you in your head. It gets you in your sex—you just can't do nothing but think of that floating crap. And then when you hit keno you've *really* had it. That's where I lost my clothes and a couple of hundred of dollars to follow."

"What's keno?" I said.

"What's keno?" he answered. "Keno is a birdie invented to damn us poor damned souls. Keno is little ping-pong balls that dance in their cages like birds, that dance and dance and they keep singing: 'Sweetie come with me. I'll show you that big green-eyed Franklin bill.'"

"But that ain't so bad of itself," he said, snapping the rag over my shoe. "It's just that keno never *stops*. Play any kind of craps, man you've had it. But this keno thing, it goes on and on. You don't know the score for hours so

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naturally you go out and shoot a bit of crap. By the time you come back, you learn the motherf--- news, and you lost your ward already on the craps. So you think: Brother, I'll make it up and take another shot at the birdie. By that time you're real sunk. Man, I have to work here three more months before I can clean up everything and get my clothes back. Then I'm heading for Seattle, a town where a man can live."

Walking again on Fremont Street, I saw a familiar figure draped over a slot machine in the Mint. I went in. It was my acquaintance from the plane flight. "How's it coming?" I asked.

"Fine, real fine," he said. His pale blue eyes were bloodshot. "I haven't been to bed since we came. After checking in last night, I went over to the Dunes. And I hit a run of Lady Luck to the tune of \$8,000."

"\$8,000," I exclaimed. "You ought to stop when you're ahead."

"Well," he said, "I dropped a part of it today. But I'm still on top. When I break below \$5,000 I'll pull out."

"How about seeing a show on the Strip?" I said. "They say the New Fellies is terrific."

"No, I want to try these new bandits. I started out so good I know luck is with me. I always did well at the Mint and I don't feel tired at all. What's the sense of wasting time on the strippers? But you go and see the show at the Nugget. They say it's real good."

The Golden Nugget is only a few doors from the Mint. Beyond the gambling tables, behind the restaurant with its Old West oil paintings of voluptuous reclining nudes, was the floor show. I ordered a beer and sat down. Next to me three kids with crew cuts, no more than 18, drank martinis and laughed.

The master of ceremonies was a man of obvious Mexican origin who spoke with a fake French accent. "*Mais oui*," he started, "we have now the loveliest collection of girls—*les girls*—this side of gay Paree. Come Fifi." A slap of the hands like introducing a trained poodle. "Come Lola. *Viens*." Another slap of the hands. "And where is the delightful, the delicious, the oh so *tres tres chic* Madeleine?" A kiss was blown to the ceiling—smoke-obscured by now—and another slap of the hands.

Fifi, Lola and Madeleine appeared, slinking from the stage entrance with right hands cocked archfully on the hip. A silence fell over the audience. Fifi was tall, blonde and statuesque, Lola short and most bountifully supplied by nature, and Madeleine dark haired, with eyes

painted to resemble a mosaic from ancient Egypt. The three were dressed in skirts and halters.

"*Voilà Les girls*," said the master of ceremonies with a lascivious grin. He placed his arm around the shoulder of Lola and then winking, dropped his hand.

"Wow," cried out one of the boys sitting next to me.

There must have been an invisible catch. For Lola's halter dropped off and nothing was underneath it. Two enormous breasts glared at the audience, painted white and vermilion in the appropriate places.

"Oh *cherie*, you shood not do zat," Lola simpered and ran off stage, joggling herself so the watchers could have a full side view.

The show went on. Fifi and Madeleine each, in turn, revealed their anatomic triumphs to the Gallic wit and the increasingly false accent of the master of ceremonies. "*C'est merveilleux, iz eet not?*" he leered. "And which of zeese very lovely creatures is most lovely? You comprehend, *n'est-ce pas*, I speak of the eyes, the lips... push me no lower. *C'est magnifique!* Who do you choose?" And the audience had to decide, by loud whistles, which was the loveliest of the "French" beauties.

"Another beer?" the waitress asked.

I went into the street and caught a taxi back to the Strip. The sand was blowing and from behind the black mountains could be seen pale points of stars. Outside the hotel, a night bird had lost its mate and was frantically chirping in a high pitched voice, winging up and down in front of the lighted windows. Suddenly, from the desert, the other bird flew in. The two soared together uttering strange soft sounds and then veered away into the dark. I went to bed.

The cleaning woman had knocked three times.

"Come in," I said. "Don't mind the papers. Just make the bed and go over the bathroom."

"Sorry to disturb you. Are you a writer?" she asked.

"Sort of," I said.

"I think writers are *cute*," she said. About 30, she had dark hair pulled back from her face and a gash of bright lips.

"Where do you come from?" I asked. Only two days in Las Vegas had taught me that nobody came from the town originally.

"Cleveland, a hell of a dull place," she said. "You can live here. This is out

of the bush circuit." She looked at me with a peculiar expression and then went over and closed the door.

"Can you make a decent living at what you're doing?" I asked.

"Not bad, not bad," she said. "The salary's only \$60 a week but then I get tips. And sometimes I am a real sweet girl and then I do even better. My ambition is to be a cocktail waitress, though they tell me I'm too old—around here any girl out of her teens is too old. That's where you get the tips. Did you hear about the maharajah at the swimming pool yesterday who gave one of the girls \$100 for bringing him a coke! That's what I call a sport."

"Are you married?" I asked.

"I was, but my husband went into the Army and I couldn't stand it alone. I like fun, I like to dance, to move around, to have a good time. You know the stuff. You only live once. It's later than you think. Etcetera. Don't you know?"

"My trouble is I think too much," I said. "I think of the sport-shirt punks who are making millions on the business here. I think of the poor bastards who lose their last dollar. I think of those Mexicans I saw scooping up sand for the new highway. I even think of Indian Town I saw yesterday."

"Indian Town? What Indians?"

"Not the maharajah," I said with a touch of sarcasm. "Don't you know there is a whole town of Indians living right outside Las Vegas? They're the real Founding Fathers, not Bugsy Siegel and his heirs. But they live in mud huts. And they don't even make the 'Indian' souvenirs, which mostly come from Japan."

She stepped back and looked at me.

"You're a lulu alright," she said. "You've been reading too many books. Why don't you relax? The weather's beautiful, everyone comes here for a good time and you look at the Mexicans and some Indians nobody ever heard of. What do I care if some people make money and some lose money? That's what they came here for, wasn't it?"

"It would be too difficult to explain."

She stared at me sadly. "I thought you were regular and maybe we could pass the time of day together, like normal people. I didn't take this job to make beds. I came to Las Vegas because, well because it's Vegas and everyone lets down their hair and you don't have to give a damn. There's a nice looking guy, and alone," I said to myself when I saw you move in. But you're a little out in left field, if you don't mind my saying so. Take it easy, loosen up, let's get fried tonight. It will do you good."

"Thanks for cleaning the room," I said. "Now I really must get back to my work." And I buried my head in the papers on the desk.

"Come on," said Jerry, weaving slightly. "Let's get some tootsies."

Jerry Sanderson was a missile engineer from Los Angeles, with a chest that had slid in his belly and thin hair plastered over a balding forehead. I had gone down for a drink before bed and wandered into the casino. At the crab tables, I stood directly behind him when he made a killing. Now he insisted on showing his gratitude by taking me for a whirl.

"Let's go to the Sands," Jerry said. "After the midnight show the girls sit around in the lounge to comfort poor old middle-aged men like me."

So we went to the Sands. It was still early and, taking a \$50 bill, Jerry exchanged it for 50 silver dollars. But they were too heavy, so we got a cardboard box from the coffee shop and filled it with the coins. I staggered along carrying the box while Jerry went from slot machine to slot machine. He had invented a little song with which he implored the machine before pulling the lever:

*"Jackpot, jackpot, standing on the floor
You know Jerry Sanderson's a bore
When the missiles fall, keep me out of
range*

But ring me now the gravy change."

Neither the poetry nor his luck being any good, he soon finished the 50 silver dollars.

The show had broken for at least a half hour and we went to the lounge. The girls were already filtering down, sitting in groups laughing and talking together, smoking endless chains of cigarettes. In an odd way, they looked alike, as though manufactured for store-window display. Tall, willowy, fair-skinned, hair colored for the season or the dress, their eyes smiled and their lips moved in the same indolent pattern.

"Which do you want?" said Jerry.
"Is it that easy? Just like that?" I said.
"No, no, to them I'm subtle, real subtle," he said with a wink. "We buy their drinks, we take them dancing, you don't take out money in public—I'm not the vulgar type." He broke into a laugh. "I like that one," he said, indicating a tall blonde girl sitting near the lounge entrance. "She reminds me how my wife used to look before she had the kids." He got up and walked over to the girl. The two talked for a minute and then came back.

"Jane, I want you to meet Dan, my younger brother," Jerry said gravely. "He's kind of shy and this is his first time in Vegas."

"How are you, Dan?" she said.

"Fine, thank you," I said. Jane had hard green eyes which stared at the world with utter indifference.

"And where is your younger sister you were telling me about?" Jerry continued.

Jane laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Hold it. I'll dig her up," she said. She went over to a group of the girls. I could see her nodding in my direction. One of them separated from the others and came back with Jane.

"My name's Barbara, but they call me Bobby," she said, putting out her hand.

"Come on gals," Jerry said. "Grab your rags and let's go. I hit a nice little bit of gravy tonight and before I'm blown off the face of this frigging earth, I'd like to enjoy it. Where do you want to go? Here? The Dunes? Or downtown?"

"Let's go to the Starlight Room of the Dunes," Jane said, "I like the band. Besides, Nick, the bandleader, is a friend of mine. He's got a terrific way of playing that old number 'Nature Boy.' Remember? It was the song they played in

Memphis, my home town, when I first started to know the score."

"Why, you're an old gal," Jerry said with a laugh. "'Nature Boy' goes back a way."

"Or I started very early," Jane said, looking at him coolly.

It must have been 2 o'clock in the morning when we ordered the first round of drinks at the Dunes, 5 o'clock by my body which was still working on Eastern Standard time. I felt like I had bene run through a mince-meat machine. I hastily gulped down a double Scotch.

"Would you like to dance?" Bobby said. She was a quiet girl, less tall than Jane, with a rather strained expression.

We danced. I was no competition for Fred Astaire and, between the fatigue and drinks, stumbled several times.

"Where do you come from?" she asked.

"New York."

"Quite a town," she said. "I'm from Pennsylvania myself, Scranton. My old man was a miner—that is, before he got clewed up. My real name's Bjezonski, but I call myself Bolton. What's yours?"

"Frey," I said, lying.

"Dan Frey, a nice name," she said.



"Somewhere along the line I think I got away from us, Mr. Gottlieb."

We danced a while and went back to the table. Jerry and Jane were necking together with an indifferent expression. "Join the fun," Jerry said, spying me. "Let's have another round of drinks. How the hell can I spend 2,000 bucks if you don't help me?"

We had more drinks. The place filled up with couples. Jerry got frisky as the whisky went to his head and started to slide silver dollars down the neck of Jane's dress. Several of them went straight through and bounced on the floor.

I looked at Bobby. She was fiddling with her drink. Bent over, she seemed quite commonplace, a rather plain small-town girl with dyed hair and a discontented look.

"I'm going to bed. I've had it," I said to Jerry.

"What!" he roared at me. "You can't leave. You brought me luck. You've got to help me spend the money I won. Besides, it's early."

"Listen," I said. "Your watch may say 3 o'clock but my bones are still working Eastern Standard. It's 6 o'clock and I feel it in every joint. I get up at this time at home. I'm liable to fall apart and dissolve into jelly any minute."

"What the hell's the difference? If I

know my trade, you're going to be dissolved into jelly in the next five years one way or the other. You might as well enjoy the remaining years of solid state while you can."

I got up. Bobby looked at me with a curious expression, waited for me to make a gesture, half rose, and then settled back again.

"You realize you leave me in an embarrassing position, with two beautiful damsels and these folding green bills," Jerry continued. Then he added slyly: "Though I don't know who's going to be the most embarrassed." He ran his eyes over the two girls. "You know Dan, I might end up thanking you yet."

I shook hands with Jerry and the two girls. Jane stared straight ahead with the same utter indifference. "What the hell, what the hell," Bobby remarked. "It's all in a lifetime. Remember me to Scranton next time you get by that way."

The suicide occurred the day before I left. His name was Bill Dooley. He had driven into Las Vegas the week before in a cream-colored Cadillac. He checked in at the Cortes Hotel, downtown. For some reason he avoided the Strip, hanging out in the older casinos. His face became very familiar at the Mint, the Golden

Nugget, and other gambling houses on Fremont Street. Dooley kept away from cards and keno. He played craps. He played craps on a schedule from 10 o'clock till the house closed. He never played for big stakes, only \$5 or \$10 at a time. He didn't win anything for the first three days and then, on a Wednesday, he hit it for \$500. Then he didn't win again. He kept playing through Saturday night and lost and then lost again.

Early Sunday morning Dooley borrowed a dollar from a shill he had gotten to know at the Mint, went to a little road-stand outside Vegas and ordered two beers. He left the dollar at the stand with a note.

The note read:

"My name is William A. Dooley. My address is 1219 Perez Street, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Please send the police to the underpass on the road leading to California. They will find me there.

And have the police get in touch with Mary, my wife. Tell them to tell her that I didn't make it. And that I love her very much.

Thank you. I am sorry for the trouble I am causing. The dollar bill will cover the beers and the telephone call. Take the rest as a tip.

Sorry."

The stand man rushed out but the car had already left. He called the police. A squad car was sent out to the underpass.

When the squad car arrived at the underpass, a low bridge supported in the center by a heavy concrete column between the lanes, it was already dawn. In the clear light of the desert dawn, they saw nothing.

They continued up a mile, cursing. Then they saw a cream-colored Cadillac parked on the side of the road facing them. One of the policemen asked the young fellow in the car if he had seen a wreck.

"I'm the one you're looking for," he said. Throwing the car in gear he roared past them and down the road back toward town. The police said he must have been going 100 miles an hour when he hit the heavy concrete column. There was nothing left of Bill Dooley and very little left of the car.

I heard the details from the taximan who took me to the airport. It got a small box in the local newspapers. I guess there wasn't much space for publicity that day because the papers were filled with the names of all the Hollywood stars arriving for the opening of one of the big new gambling casinos. **IN**



"I've changed my mind—let's go back to the hotel and sleep on it."

PARTY (continued from page 32)
the problem to Winston—

"Churchill," Jonah supplied knowingly.

Wallace raised his eyebrows. "What other Winston is there?"

"The last time I saw Churchill, that is to speak to—"

But Wallace was not one to allow anyone else to talk in his presence. "I had learned from past talks with Winston that he was desirous of being informed of every conceivable phase of our fighting forces. Of course, Winston had me down to No. 10 for dinner—"

"Downing Street," Jonah said.

Naturally this remark was too ridiculous to elicit comment. "Before leaving London I took up the question of integration again with Ike. As I pointed out to Ike—"

Jonah caught himself before making the *faux pas* of saying Eisenhower and instead cleared his throat.

Wallace gave him a sharp look. "I told Ike that during this critical phase of the war was when it could best be accomplished. Ike agreed with me and promised to make every effort in that direction if it did not interfere with the efficiency of the forces. However, as history has revealed, the efficiency of our colored fighting men has created—"

"Brown babies!" Jonah said triumphantly.

A short distance away, Willard B. Overton, president of a privately endowed Negro welfare organization, Negro Aid Incorporated, was discussing politics with a tall, dark, exquisitely dressed white woman. "Of course, we must campaign for him because at this juncture it is vitally necessary, not to say imperative, to erect an image, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I know what you mean," she said. "To get him erected, that is."

Mr. Overton blinked at her disconcertedly. It was the only thing of which he had judged her innocent. "Exactly, to get him, er, ah, erect his image. But of course, you understand, our organization is non-political. We have among our sponsors persons of both major political parties and our members come from all races."

"I should hope so," she said. "I mean, interracial, that is."

Mr. Overton swallowed suddenly. "Exactly," he confirmed. "The purpose, of course, the one major problem—"

"Is the Negro Problem, that is." She smiled intellectually.

"Ahem! What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Merto," she said, although she hadn't said before. She nodded toward the little dapper white man who was listening to Moe Miller discuss the comparative merits of stallions and jackasses as breeding stock.

"He is my husband, that is," she said.

"Maurice, you mean?"

She nodded brightly.

"Ah, so you're Mrs. Gordey?"

"Yes, isn't it disgusting, that is?"

"Er, ah, that is—" he caught himself saying it. "What is?"

"Every time I try to help he beats me." She spoke in a rapid breathless voice.

He blinked again. "Ah, yes—I'm sorry, I don't think I heard you correctly. I thought you said he beat you."

"Terribly."

He threw another look toward Maurice, who was then following Moe to the kitchen. Maurice was a very small man with a very red face, watery blue eyes, and thin white hair. Merto was a head taller, 10 pounds heavier, and less than half his age.

"But he doesn't seem that strong," Mr. Overton protested.

"He isn't. I just let him, that is—"

"Oh, that is—but why?"

"It's just because I'm interested in the Negro Problem."

"Ah yes, I see. He doesn't want you to give your time and money to our organization."

"It isn't that, my time and money, that is."

"Oh, he resents your giving, er, ah—" He looked suddenly enlightened. "Is that what you give?"

"Think of all the oppressed Negroes, that is," she said.

He thought of them and was awed. "And he, er, beats you for your generosity?"

"It's not my generosity he beats me for. He beats me to make me tell, that is."

"Ah, er, you mean to make you tell, er, ah, you mean tell all about it?"

"Isn't it horrible?"

"The dirty brute, beating you like that."

"Oh, but if I haven't, then there's nothing to tell. You understand, why should he?"

"Ahem!" he said. "Yes, to be sure. I have my car outside, that is—"

"Let me say goodbye to Mamie and get my coat."

"But I hate to be the cause—"

"Oh, I don't mind. He can't really hurt me, and I think I should do it for the Negro Problem, that is—"

"I'll wait for you downstairs."

Moe passed on the way to the john. He

locked the door. When Maurice arrived, he found the door locked.

The hour was getting late. Lovely faces that had been carefully powdered and re-powdered were now abandoned to oil and sweat. Lips that had tasted fried chicken were now sealed in cooking fat.

Dr. John Stetson Kissock was preparing to leave with Wallace Wright. Mamie helped him into his coat. When Wallace went once more to water the dog, Mamie said to Dr. Kissock,

"Stay over. Joe's leaving for Buffalo tomorrow afternoon."

"Can't."

"Can too. You can leave tomorrow at midnight."

"Won't work. Anna's expecting me."

"Tell her you were held up. Something to do with justice. You had to do it justice."

A flush spread over Dr. Kissock's pink face and he licked his tiny red lips. "Anna's turn now. Ha-ha, too great demands on justice—" He broke off as Wallace approached and said, "You must come and visit us, my dear. Anna enjoys you so."

"Next time I'm in Washington. I promise. Give Anna my love."

She kissed him on both pink cheeks. He patted her shoulder affectionately. Light shone on his pink head.

"Enjoyed myself so much, Mamie dear," Wallace said.

She kissed Wallace on the mouth. "Glad, honey. Night now. Tell Juanita to call me."

When the door had closed behind them, she muttered in a rage, "Dirty half-white bastard didn't bring Juanita, just as though I run a whorehouse. I'll fix him."

While outside in the corridor, Wallace spat and took out his handkerchief and wiped off her kiss. Dr. Kissock regarded him with annoyance.

Wallace looked so much like a white man that his white friends found it extremely difficult, in fact downright irritating, to have to remember he was colored.

"Delightful woman, eh, Wallace?" Dr. Kissock stated.

"Oh, indeed, indeed. In the forefront of the fight."

Dr. Kissock smiled to himself.

In the living room, a distinguished looking white woman, upon noticing a dark young man staring at her, began weeping copiously.

The young man approached her and asked in alarm, "Why, what is wrong, madam?"

"You look just like Jackson," she sobbed. "Poor Jackson. He was so brave. In spite of everything he was always laughing."

"Don't cry, madam, we all have to die," he consoled her.

"Oh, Jackson isn't dead. It's my husband who is dead."

"What happened to Jackson?"

"There just wasn't enough money to keep Jackson any longer. And he was such a fine chauffeur. He had such lovely black skin."

The dark young man laughed. "And you think I look just like him?"

She dried her tears and gazed at him intently. "Maybe you're not as tall, and I don't think you're quite as stout as Jackson—after all, we always fed Jackson well — and, mmmm, your features are a little different, they're not quite so smooth and flat as Jackson's. But you're —" Her eyes lit with rapture. "—you're every bit as black. And you're a poet too, aren't you?"

Naturally he was a poet. So they left together to make some poetry.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Garrett was preparing to leave with war correspondent Jonah Johnson. Forty-nine year old leading young Negro novelist, Lorenzo Llewellyn, had planned to accompany Dr. Garrett to his hotel himself, so as to discuss his application for a new Rothschild fellowship. But it seemed as though someone had locked him in the john, or else he had locked himself in and had forgotten what he had done with the key. So Jonah had offered to accompany Dr. Garrett, since obviously a man in charge of fellowships could never be permitted to go anywhere alone at any time.

While Jonah was helping to look for the missing key, Mamie helped Dr. Garrett into his coat.

"Tonight," he demanded. "After you clear out this rabble."

"Not tonight. Joe's staying in."

"Then come out and leave him."

"Can't. He wants his too."

"Tomorrow night then."

"Not tomorrow either. Joe's not leaving until day after tomorrow."

"He told me he was leaving tomorrow afternoon."

"He's got it mixed up. He has a conference tomorrow with the er, Whip," she said with a slip of the tongue.

He looked at her angrily. "Did you teach him that?"

"Oh, not that whip, the party Whip."

"Well, I am engaged the night after tomorrow, regardless."

"Come afterwards."

"Abby will be back by then."

She noticed Jonah approaching and whispered quickly, "I'll phone you."

Dr. Garrett kissed her paternally on the forehead. She curtsied.

"Thank you for coming, Ollie."

"Not at all," he muttered.

Jonah gave her a big bear hug and slipped the missing key into her hand. She smiled knowingly.

Some woman was heard to confide that Joe Mason was secretly divorcing Mamie and had named as correspondent—you'll never guess in a million years, dear — Maurice Gordey. Can you imagine that? Well, darling, he's white, isn't he, and he's been white a long time. But, honey, didn't you know he likes things? So does Mamie, darling, they could share them.

Bessie Shirley made Arthur Tucker, who was sitting on the arm of her chair, feel her contact lenses.

"It's cold," he said.

"It is not," she said. "It's hot."

"And you don't feel my finger?" he asked.

"It's not in the right place," she said.

"My, but you have nice brown skin," he said. "It looks like coffee icing."

"Wouldn't you like to taste it?" she said.

He bent so close to stare into her eyes that his lips accidentally touched her nose. "They're gray," he said.

She pouted. "No, they're brown, but the lenses are gray."

His tongue accidentally lapped her pout. "Imagine that," he said.

"You're not leaving it to the imagination," she said.

"You certainly had me fooled," he said.

"I don't believe it," she said. "You knew it all the time."

His hand accidentally touched the exposed portion of her breast. "It's just that I'm such a busy man," he said.

"You're not lying," she said. "But your hands are cold."

"Cold hands, warm heart," he said.

"I'll just bet you've got a warm heart, you cute little man," she said and clasped him to make sure. If it wasn't warm before, it got warm then.

And when he saw Maiti Brown leaving in the company of her husband, Dr. Baldwin Billings Brown, and Dr. Carl Vincent Stone, he thought of her magnificent milk tanks and his heart got very hot indeed.

Will Robbins sneaked out with Kathy Carter, leaving Fay Corson and Lucy Pitt to shift for themselves.

Fay Corson shifted over to Julius Mason. "You have such sad eyes," she

said.

But one look into hers was enough to make him glad as hell his looked so sad. Shortly afterwards they left together, no doubt to see an eye specialist.

Lucy Pitt was in no condition to shift for herself, but her plight so moved the heart of Reverend Mike Riddick he was only too happy to shift for her.

"I'll take this poor girl home, Mamie, and see that she gets properly to bed." He stopped short. "She lives alone, doesn't she?"

"Her husband's in the army."

"In camp, though."

"In California."

He sighed sympathetically. "God bless our defense forces. I'll see to it that he doesn't have to worry about his little mate."

"Be careful," Mamie warned. "She's in no condition to wrestle with the devil."

Reverend Riddick drew himself up to his full impressive height. "I shall merely pray over the girl," he declaimed.

No one noticed Moe Miller leave. The last seen of him he was in the kitchen talking to his friend, Joe. Maurice was sitting at the table nearby. But suddenly nature played a dirty trick on Maurice and he had to jump up and dash to the john, all by himself. When he returned, Moe had left. So he took his departure in the company of 49-year-old leading young Negro novelist, Lorenzo Llewellyn.

"Did you get to see it?" Lorenzo asked eagerly.

Maurice sighed regretfully. "No, and I heard it's a doozie."

What with so many departures, chances were getting slim and the party began getting a little rough.

Milt Shirley, Negro newspaper publisher from the Middle West, poked Arthur Tucker in the eye. Bessie Shirley, his wife, said he ought to be ashamed of himself. He said he was ashamed. Arthur Tucker said his eye was swelling. Bessie Shirley said she would bathe it in cold water. They went toward the john. When they opened the door, Eddy Schooley hailed forth. He was gloriously naked, save for a garland of Mamie's printed hand towels knotted together about his neck.

"All hail to Bacchus!" he cried. "The bacchanalia begins."

"Look how potbellied Schooley is," Brown Sugar remarked.

"Light on his feet, though," Art Wills replied, nestling up to her.

The heavy-hammed, tar-brushed Bacchus leaped and twisted with such gay abandon as to cause considerable misgivings about his intentions.

THE BEATS (continued from page 21)

the human situation. In this sense, they are the most existential of current writers, and they are even more so in their curiously religious conviction that truth can be detected on some other level of consciousness. They fall short of existentialism in their lack of social involvement, and I suspect that is their principal inadequacy.

There is, of course, a great deal of social protest in Beat writing, but I find it adventitious to the genre and commonplace in the bargain. Needless to say, the Beats identify themselves with the dispossessed, but, for all their contumely for Madison Avenue and the billboard way of life, the only social suggestion they really make is the legalization of narcotics, a sensible but too particular a program to be called protest.

The Beats fail as social rebels because the rebellion in this country is general and not specific with them. Even Madison Avenue deprecates Madison Avenue, and you can hardly pick up a best seller which does not expose the emptiness of middle-class life, the deceptions we practice to avoid true communication between one another (whatever that is), or which does not admonish us to give up all our illusions on the spot and face up to our insignificance, unendurable as that may be. Our Beat writers simply couldn't keep ahead of the pack, let alone be at odds with it. Indeed, they found themselves advancing the most commercial themes. Some of them were hard put to avoid becoming successful, poor fellows. As social protesters, the Beats have been ordinary and ingenuous.

On the other hand, as literary protesters they have been original and useful. They are posturing when they affect to Swiftian satire, but they are purpose-

ful when they race out into the oddly agitated prose that marks Mailer, Burroughs and Kerouac at their best.

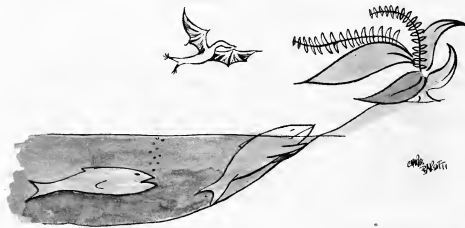
The freshness of Beat writing lies in its use of the jazz improvisation as a literary technique. I don't suppose anyone will argue the fact that jazz is the musical expression of our time and that the jazz improvisation is a primary technique in all the modern arts. I don't know much of anything about painting, but surely contemporary American painting is improvisation in its original impulse. Certainly, Beat writing is provoked—knowledgeably or not—by this intent to catch the inspired fragment that issues in moments of creative transport. But improvisation is a transient act of creativity, and a performer's act at that. Once the musician puts his instrument down, the improvisation is finished, dead, a matter of that moment. If any of it is repeated, it is no longer an improvisation but has assumed the formality of calculated creation. Improvisation is a secondary creativity, an interpretative invention that is impelled by an original melody. The composer's (or writer's) job is to create the melody. If the writer wants his work to look improvised—that is, as if his words and images had soared out of him in their wild and natural state—he has to manufacture that effect in cold blood and by calculation. This implies the writer must be equipped to write wild and beautiful words, that he is a poet in short, and that improvisation itself is for him no more than a technique, a matter of skill. Writers who are not skillful poets shouldn't involve themselves with improvisation; it is much too difficult a technique.

The value of improvisation is clear enough. It allows the writer to breach the logic of his work. In an age in which

illogic and unreality are the compelling forces of art, improvisation is a singularly suitable technique. Meaninglessness is our present philosophical fancy. We think of life as being fragmented, illusory, frequently imperceptible, and all of it originating in a state of implacable, ultimate terror. The artist must have a technique that contrives the effect of fragmentation, illusoriness and terror. Improvisation services this effect very well. It's only natural that the Beat writers should introduce this technique, because they are the artists of those people who have yielded themselves to the fragmentation and terror of the human condition. I think Burroughs in his *Naked Lunch*, for example, does very well in creating the effect of the lack of cohesion of life. The total scheme of his book is a shattered one. Its continuity is seen only in brief and not always recognizable glimpses. Every other page abruptly bursts into howling improvisations. One has the feeling of flailing in space, of having lost the complete sensation of gravity, of impending lunacy. But the Beat writers cannot resist using improvisation for art. The book as often as not falls into the amateur's practice of spontaneity, the idea that any gaggle of words tumbling out of the goose-pen makes for art. There are far too many paragraphs that obviously rattled themselves off the typewriter, and, despite the fact Burroughs is a gifted writer whose impromptu imagery is not always that banal, these sections of the book are cold, rather cheap and, needless to say, not in the least bit spontaneous.

Burroughs' book is, I think, representative of good Beat writing now. The Beats are beginning to demand talent to go along with their alienation. Beat prose, however, still talks out of the side of its mouth and insists on an ornate argot, that blinks on and off, attracting the eye, but which advertises nothing. It continues to be obsessed with itself to the point of autism and will remain a precious literature until it can represent the more disguised terrors of the rest of us.

As a matter of fact, Beat thinking has begun to noticeably affect the more middle-class writers, and I'm sure that within the next few years there will evolve a definitive American prose style marked by the compulsive panic of Beat writing. There really isn't that much of a gap between Alexander Trochii and John Updike. Indeed, Updike is far more violent a stylist than Trochii, who suffers from the determined detachment of the journalist. Within Updike's orderly para-



"Where in the hell do you think you're going?"

graphs and conventional structure, there is a quivering menace of explosion, as if at any moment all the little lives and houses in Pennsylvania will disappear in deafening silence, and, although the sensation of lunacy in Updike's characters is resisted by the desperate details of ordinary life, it impends just as immediately. Then too Updike is as brazen as Burroughs in making a public exhibition of his poetry. I think Updike far and away the best young writer around, if only he can avoid the traps of tradition. They say that in his last book he has already fallen into the pit of mythical parallel. He is very young, of course. He is the one writer I've read who genuinely merits the right to have his youth considered.

The theater, I'm afraid, has always been unconsciously slow in catching up with new things. The only new playwright who might be called Beat is Jack Gelber. Albee is a middle-class rebel with enormous potential, but he seems to be merely angry, not insane, and satisfied to discover life is meaningless, as if that discovery had not been the case in every third generation since the Athenian Academy. It's a pity because Albee's talent is very attractive. His inventions are stunning. He seems to write naturally in improvisations; his difficulty seems to be in putting them all together. Somehow, after an hour of Albee's delicious ingenuity, one begins to feel a soggy familiarity to it all. In the end, it turns out the same old despair and the same old immobilized posture of pain. Even his fanciful improvisations have been repeated so often they have become formalized and merely repetitive. Still, Albee's natural gifts are striking and auspicious.

The old hands in the theater are also beginning to stir restlessly. Tennessee Williams has always revealed a revolt against reason in his work and a feeling of anarchy in his vision of life. His last piece, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, which oddly enough was chided for its usualness, was, in fact, filled with a far more disjointed drama than his earlier plays had. Its best moments were those dramatizing the totality of human terror and the desperate validity of the actual moment of living, utterly existential comments. Sidney Kingsley's last play was unmistakably grotesque in intent and fragmentary in structure, but it suffered from its inability to shake off its realistic trappings. Richard Rodgers set out in *No Strings* to write a musical comedy in which the music itself had a speaking part. The orchestra was pulled out of the pit, sepa-

rated into single instruments and sent entering and exiting the stage as if they were members of the cast. The originality of this idea was defeated by its patently hasty conception and by its timidity, but the idea of music being spoken recalls the diffusion and defiance of the senses that signified the Symbolist poets, a movement from which Beat writing derives many of its own values.

I must admit I don't see yet how improvisation can be used properly in the drama. In terms of craft, improvisation means the writer must suddenly leap out of what seems to be his line of continuity and whirl off into a gratuitous arabesque but which the writer calculatedly inserts for the very purpose of breaking his continuity. The writer is aspiring to the effect of illogic, a lack of control, the feeling of helplessness, of panic, of terror. But drama depends entirely upon a communicable sense of continuity. An abstract painter may erupt onto a canvas, but a playwright has to keep that eruption alive for some two hours. Even Beckett and Ionesco and their camp followers, what was called the Theater of the Absurd, wrote very logical plays. Far from achieving terror in their plays, the absurd writers managed only a bleak commitment to quietude. They succumbed to their terror, whereas it seems to me that, if anything, terror should provoke flight and that a play affecting to reveal the terror of meaninglessness should be in a constant state of agitation. A good existential play should be anything but submissive or stoical. In this sense, I found Gelber's *The Apple* the most interesting new play in the last few years. *The Apple* revealed a fresh sense of improvisation and an ability to accumulate fragments into a plausible dramatic unity. I don't know what's going to happen to Gelber. I understand he's now up at the Actor's Studio where the actors improvise rather than the writers. On the whole, I think it is a serious mistake for a writer to involve himself with actors before he absolutely has to.

I myself have found improvisation useful for pointedly political scenes. In my new play, I use it to collapse the element of time, that is to say, to dramatize in a moment the political currents and social abstractions that endured over a period of time. This is a sort of boulevard theater which the German Expressionists used so well in the early '20s and which Bertholdt Brecht mastered to the point of genius. My new play is about the Russian Revolution, and one of the points I wanted to make is that the logical pro-

gression of history seems absurd against the illogical substance of life. I went after this effect by switching styles in every scene, by interrupting the normal dramatic movement of the play with splashes of choral color, and by other devices I am not in the least bit sure will work. It is a very cautious use of improvisation, for I never quite relinquish a formal structure for the play, but I think improvisation is a technique that requires the most cautious handling. My improvisations, needless to say, are in no sense Beat in that I am far more interested in the moral statements to be derived from terror than in the terror itself. My point, you see, is: "Very well, we are all meaningless and terrified creatures, now what?"

Still, I find myself in my work constantly aware of the Beat writers, their manners and especially their vigor. It is easy enough to make fun of the Beats, for they were so excessive. They plunged into squalor simply because they scorned material success. Their adoption of convict slang was adolescent, and their obsession with the new forms of jazz was comical, I am sure, even to jazz musicians. The whole movement reeked of youth and the effusive petulances of youth. They exalted sex into an absolute mystique as if the clitoris had been undiscovered or at best neglected for centuries until they came along. I don't know if Zen Buddhism is still a great concern among the Beats, but, when I was hanging around 9th Street in the Village, Sartre was bursting away in every basement. Every other Beat I met was agog with egotism and Japanese calligraphy. It was all very cultist. Then too, because the Beats detested success, they attracted every aspirant to failure. Surely, no bohemian movement has included so much luck of talent.

But for all its character of caricature, the Beat Movement represented the valid concerns of artists in an age of space. In all the *quatsch* of meaninglessness that surrounds us now, the Beat writers provide a passionate affirmation of living, a delight in the sensual satisfactions of terror, a feeling of truth in the sense that if terror is what we must live with, let's at least live with it completely. They have flung their prose and poems onto paper irresponsibly, but now the responsible writers, including the responsible Beat writers, will take up the stylistic methods the Beats so innocently initiated and so incompetently used. I can't help but feel it will be the best thing that happened to American writing since Mark Twain.

IN

CORPSE (continued from page 46)

carbon paper; "spontaneous" poets, whose tool is a tape recorder to catch their stomach rumbles; the advertising copywriters who think cleverness is enough for a novel; the recently-graduated who come to the Village to write the great novel and blame "writer's block" for a lack of talent; the girl poets from Ohio, who after a year give up and go back to stenography.

Sure, there are still "artists" in Greenwich Village—the chic portrait painters, the hack writers for women's magazines, the beatniks-in-uniform, the "hipsters" who are "temporarily" making a living by writing for television.

And a few true artists, too, the kind who don't need the fraudulent stimulus of a trumped-up bohemia, the kind who can write or paint *anywhere*, in the midst of gaudy, garish, pseudo-studios—or even, for that matter, in Oxford, Mississippi. But even those who do remain in the Village feel as if they've been driven underground, as if they're forced to hide out in the cellar of what was once their own home. (I should add, to be complete, that the homosexuals still make Greenwich Village their home away from home. But in the '20s and '30s it was because the Village was the only place in America one could live the life one chose without being called to account, whereas today there's an added motive: the homosexual has become an ornament of the nouveau-cultured. He's "in," he's chic, he's *de rigueur* among the rich and aging ladies who make up such a large percentage of this new class. The fading beauty, no longer able to hold a man by her sexual appeal—and this also explains much of American theater and its notorious addiction to age-defying actresses—in the end accepts the love of the young homosexual.)

So the typical "artists" in Greenwich Village today are the artists *manqué*—who have crowded in, they've rented the lofts the true artists left in disgust. "Jackson Pollock used to live near here," they say—oblivious of the fact that he lived here just in order to get away from people like them. This is the advance of the nouveau-cultured, calling themselves the friends of bohemia, killing ohenia by the shallowness and fraudulence of their affection. They aren't bohemians, they're parasites—parasites twice over—living in dungarees for a year, and on an allowance from daddy, money earned in professions they pretend to despise, and to which they'll soon return.

They aren't artists, they're oysters, a generation of oysters, nursing the grain

of their personal discontent until it becomes the pearl of art. What they call art, the hackneyed, petty, slickly Beat and fashionably hip art of today's Village. Imitation Salinger, imitation Burroughs, imitation Beckett—and even off-Broadway has begun to drive the truly creative playwrights off-off-Broadway, while it stages daring Ibsen, or the thirty-second imitation of *Waiting for Godot*.

And their girls, their girls—Edna Millay? Mary McCarthy?—no, not now, they're just down from Sarah Lawrence to sin-on-weekends, to pick up sexy gos-



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sip for creative writing classes. It's hip, in our hypocritical moral labyrinth, it's hip to pretend you're worse than you are.

Exhibitionism. Look at me I'm wicked. While the true bohemian . . .

Well, what happened to the Villagers, the real Villagers, not the bearded fops, not the pre-painted dungarees, not the gift-shop proprietors, bourgeois who once read a book? (Add another proof of fraudulence: imagine a *roman à clef* of today's Greenwich Village. The fake would have to be the archetypal character. Ah, Maxwell Bodenheim, ah, Edna Millay—racing through the streets in sneakers.

Romance and radicalism would have been your themes.) Back to the real Villagers: Where did they go? Those who could afford it moved to the upper West Side or Brooklyn Heights (Norman Mailer, one of the founders of *The Village Voice*, just to give one example), those who couldn't, or who found that scene just as depressing, packed up and took the crosstown bus to the Lower East Side. You'll find twice as many genuine writers and painters between Avenue D and First Avenue, from 12th to 1st Streets, as you will in the whole of the Village. You'll find twice as many galleries and studios of merit on East 10th Street—but why go on, the publicity hurts, already they speak of the "East Village" and St. Marks' Place is driving out the bums to make way for quaint gift shops.

The painters in Hoboken, the Beats in Denver, the hips in Mexico. Greenwich Village bohemia?—it's now occupied territory—occupied by the American bitch-goddess (mother, not success) and her emasculated boy-artist son, her sinning-for-a-year-before-suburbia daughter. They love to think they're living with the bohemians, unaware of the fact that they're only living with each other.

Has Madison Avenue taken the enemy out of American life, made even the gangsters white Anglo-Saxon Protestants? Well, here's the new enemy, the nouveau-cultured.

No, no, not the old theme, the bourgeois vs. the artist—that scene is dead, even though many artists won't admit it. Sure, they'll still ban *Huckleberry Finn* in Des Moines, but the real danger, the coming danger, the insidious danger, is not the hate of the bourgeois but its love. The bourgeois will kill bohemia by trying to join it, just as they've killed the Village.

The most disturbing aspect of this nouveau-cultured class, and its most prominent characteristic, is the eagerness with which it *accepts* the supposed avant-garde and bohemian—holding out its arms so clumsily and eagerly, like Lennie in *Of Mice and Men*, that it kills what it desires to embrace. Mammon no longer castrates the artist by kicking him, it emasculates him by—you've got the picture: "You killed him, America, you in your goddamned Brooks Brothers Suit."

Where are the poets? In garrets? No sir. Most of them are teaching creative writing or 16th century metaphysicals, teaching the children of the bourgeois, turning them into still another generation of nouveau-cultured. We've created the ultimate paradox in poetry—an aca-

demie avant-garde. The poets grind out their up-to-the-minute verse, not yet aware they're dead.

Even the bankers! The bankers spread-as into leather chairs, and behind them rises 6x8 abstract expressionism (they debated: shall we buy 4x6, 6x8, or 8x10, and settled on the average). The nouveau-cultured matron wouldn't be caught dead with a representational painting in her \$400 a month apartment—all she asks of art is that she doesn't understand it.

The quickest way to win the plaudits of the nouveau-cultured is to gain a reputation for being "far out." Talent doesn't really matter, just prick the bourgeois. And the bourgeois, fleeing themselves, welcome the pricks. *Epaté les bourgeois*, cry the nouveau-cultured. (No one in Munich was a Nazi—all the Nazis were in Hamburg.)

Imagine James Joyce visiting the United States in 1920—if they'd even let him in. Now imagine French novelist-playwright Jean Genet today. A Congressman would sputter, sure, but the point is that the nouveau-cultured would swarm on the docks to greet him, the adulation heaped on this masterful black magician would make him wonder—aren't these the very people my work spits on? The admiration of the pretentious ignorant—that is the most terrible threat to the artist, to bohemia.

And then the slick mass magazines—too slick for toilet paper, so I cancelled my subscriptions—in their search for both circulation and culture (you know, "for the American leadership community," or "The Saturday Evening Post speaks out against conformity"), seek true talent like some women seek true virility, for the main objective of emasculation, of taming it to their purposes. Doesn't the whole concept of the "sell-out"—surely a new concept in the history of civilization—doesn't it imply that the intellectual, the artist, the bohemian, has gifts the nouveau-cultured want to exploit?

Now the first reaction of many readers to my calling the nouveau-cultured a "class" will be to say that it can't be a "class" because it crosses traditional economic lines. But to speak of "classes" as economic units of society is too narrowly Marxist, an error one falls into simply because classes have been, in actuality, economic for over two centuries. But certainly what class means is the organizational structure of society, on whatever basis, economic, intellectual, sexual, or even king-knight-squire. When people are categorized today (and they are: we call ourselves a classless society only be-

cause there are too many classes to keep track of—Americans like to classify everything; we even have three different classes of prostitutes, and are told by our sex manuals to rate our orgasms on a scale of one to five)—when we categorize people today, we rarely speak of their wealth or blood, the two traditional bases of social distinction, but instead refer most often to their intellectual and cultural eminence (or lack thereof). "He likes New Wave movies," says a lot more about a person's social position than "He makes \$40,000 a year"—his friends, his clothes,

nifies your social standing is not your salary nor your parents, but your position in the cultural hierarchy. You look down (on everyone, but especially) on the \$400,000 a year plumbing manufacturer as your *social* inferior.

Stress the nouveau. The *nouveau-riche* were rich, but their basic characteristic was boorishness. The nouveau-cultured are educated, but their basic characteristic is boorishness. They have education like the bourgeois had money—as a means of ostentation. Conspicuous consumption has been replaced by conspicuous culture.

And one interesting side effect of this revolution in social structure is that many of today's bohemian rebels, far from stressing their intellectual superiority—as bohemians have always done—realizing that their tools have been stolen and debased, choose instead to write or paint or make movies as roughly and coarsely and un-slickly as possible, to flush out all the elegant, traditional literary and artistic garbage—e.g., elegant vocabulary, nice paraphrasing, decorous technique, correct subject matter, etc. Beat movies, for instance, like Beat poems, are consciously, even insistently unprofessional: the bad focussing and under- or over-developing is actually itself a significant part of the content of their films, a protest against the slick emptiness of commercial movies.

The significance of this new class for bohemia is quite obvious, and is seen most clearly in its disastrous effects on Greenwich Village, as I've tried to show above. Instead of a shadowy, semi-secret underworld (as it was in the '20s), it's now become the goal of the very people whom the true bohemian most despises. The Village is the Park Avenue of today's social climbers. New luxury apartments rise in every other block, to be filled by superficially educated mass media "men" and superficially cultured arty "women" who want to live near the artists, but who end up, of course, living only with each other—because the artists have moved away.

So wherever you've moved, wherever you're making your scene these days, bohemia, don't let anyone know. The squares are dying to find out, the artists *manqué* are all packed and ready to go—the newly-cultured will show up tomorrow and throw up (the pun is not unintentional) pastel-shaded 16-story apartment buildings with—but let me quote from an advertisement: "Scarlati, Spinola, Bach, Freud, Aristotle, Goya, Breughel, Swinburne, Corelli, if you think this is the batting order of a ball team you won't enjoy the people who live at Park-



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his hangouts, his politics, all can be more easily deduced from the first remark than from the second.

And the Kennedys, to give about as American an example as possible, surely would much rather consider themselves as belonging to a cultural elite than depend on their wealth or blood for social distinction. The White House doesn't aspire to be the palace of Midas, it's ideal is the Versailles of Louis XIV—just a more subtle way of being, as we so revealingly say, "in the know."

And if you aren't a Kennedy, if you work for, say, *Time* magazine, what sig-

way Village, a unique residential development, etc. etc."

I have been assured that Allen Ginsberg wouldn't particularly enjoy these people either.

Bohemia has two basic purposes—free art and free sex. But nothing is more deadening than the *appearance* of freedom. Again, for Greenwich Village read Waugh's corpses.

Free art and free sex. It may even be (unsolicited) that the new bohemia will find its main focus in men's magazines like this one (at least I don't think the editor will ever meet Jackie, which is a good sign).

Free art and free sex. Motto enough for bohemia.

But the nouveau-cultured want only appearances, they want only the badge, the image, the aura—they don't care what they kill in the process—so like Yossarian in Joseph Heller's *Catch-22* you've got to keep moving. Cherish your neglect—it's better than a Ford Foundation grant. Cherish your avowed enemies—they're better than avowed friends. If you're an artist, a bohemian, a genuine freedom-lover, your greatest enemy is the man who invites you to the White House. (It's the difference between a proposition and a proposal.)

The danger: Darling pets of the nouveau-cultured. Lap dogs. Roll over. Play dead. Leashed, fed on schedule, toilet-trained—and slapped for peeing on the floor.

Greenwich Village is the symbol of what the nouveau-cultured have done to bohemia. A glittering corpse, dressed to the teeth, but the teeth no longer bite.

BRANDO (continued from page 56)

they fail to recognize the simple reality that they are mistaking an image created by a screen impersonation for the real McCoy. There are actors, of course, who know how to further their careers by taking advantage of this situation. They know a lot of tricks. And they're better at it by virtue of their profession than the gladiator or sex fiend.

"Curiously, you don't have to belong to Hollywood to find yourself on a popular pedestal. Elvis Presley is a rebel against Hollywood and its practices but he seems to have done rather well for himself."

"As rebels go, aren't you the top rebel against Hollywood convention?" I asked.

He passed up the question and went on as though I had never uttered it.

"I could not live here for any length of time," he said. "It is different when you work in a picture because then you live it. But without that, life here would be senseless. I don't understand those who make Hollywood a way of life but I respect their right to choose to do so."

Brando's personal Hollywood, according to his entourage, has been one of strange solitude intermingled with spontaneous sallies into the valley below his mountain retreat. Basically it is made up of a series of dressing rooms, sound stages, projection rooms and his eyrie on Mulholland Drive.

"For instance, you live in Hollywood," he said almost accusingly. "Why?"

I couldn't think of an answer offhand so I countered with, "You are said to have expressed a desire to become a

Gauguin of the movies and go to live in Tahiti. What is so great about Papeete?"

"It's a lot of fun," he said. "Tahiti is a lovely place, its people are proud and happy and genuine. I find myself attracted to them, just as a couple of years ago I found myself immensely impressed by the pride and passion of the dark people of Haiti. I bow to pride. But this does not mean that I intend to make Tahiti my home. I'll go back for a vacation, nothing more. But frankly, I can't wait to get back there . . ."

For the first time in two sessions, Marlon Brando showed through the mask. He appeared to grow uncomfortable as if choked by Ambassador MacWhite's blue tie and manacled by the cuffs at his wrists. But it lasted only a moment. Then the aloofness, the disdain and the self-control took over. The would-be beachcomer vanished.

"What makes Brando such a unique actor," George Englund had said, "is that he transforms rather than plays himself, like the rest of them. Hollywood has no other man like him. There is no such thing, for example, as a Brando role. He could, feasibly, play anybody."

"When we decided to give him the role of the Ambassador in *Ugly American* we found ourselves confronted by outcries of disbelief. Brando in a cutaway? Impossible! But the day he arrived on the set wearing a suit and tie with tie clip, he looked as if he had never worn anything in his life but business suits. During the week that followed he became the Ambassador in minutest detail. By Saturday, the burden of responsibility and the consciousness of the impending disaster he will be helpless to prevent, weighed heavy on his shoulders. Ever since, he has been MacWhite."

"And I've let Brando play him, waiting for the right moment, and not pressing or pushing him. At his best, Brando is the finest actor in the world. But no actor is at his best all the time. There are such things as the intangibles of acting. It is the job of the director to help the actor find himself. Marlon found himself a long time ago, but even he has his moments. He may well prove to be at his greatest in this one because the subject means so much to him. He lives it."

It was the day after and Brando was still wearing the crumpled white linen suit and the crowd in the lobby of the bomb-damaged Embassy was still clamoring for transportation. The time was 5:30 p.m. when Englund told them to "wrap it up" for the day. The crew and the extras melted away within minutes, to expose



"How about—'Be a true-blue American, don't drive one of those lousy little Nazi cars'...!"

the lonely performer, Brando, leaning against a pillar. His was the tragic figure of the Ambassador, aware of his personal failure in trying to stem the tide of history. He was still living the lines he had spoken earlier for the camera while facing anxious questioners:

"Have we lost this country, Mr. Ambassador?"

"We never owned this country..."

We were now back in the trailer for the third and last time. Brando was through for the day but he was sad because this had been a black day in the life of Ambassador MacWhite. He said:

"I had picked this story because I felt we ought to tell it to the world. It is wrong to avoid meaning in picture making. It is wrong, too, for an actor to be anything but an actor; to try to enlighten where he is not equipped for it. But one can remain within one's appointed scope and still do something worthy. This is a difficult story to tell and we know that some will hold it against me. Others, more importantly, may hold it against our country. Just the same, we have to tell it."

"I am not a student of politics. I am a student of nothing at all, but I am a man with a conscience."

"I feel that the only way for this world to survive is for the United Nations to control the world's only armed forces. A police force. I know this is a dream, but maybe the futility of all other ways to solve the world's problems will be hammered home by our picture. Maybe."

Brando was going home to his eyrie, his wife and his child. He was tired. A spell had to be broken and George Englund, after long years of experience, knew how to do it.

"Take your time," he said. "I'll be in the projection room. Change and come over. But don't hurry—you won't be eager to see these rushes anyway. You're not in them."

For the first time in our three conversations, Marlon Brando actually grinned.

"You know," he said, "when I first came to Hollywood, I met this man, George Glass. He defined the actor to me like nobody has ever done it since. He said, 'Marlon, you'll know that you've become a full-fledged actor when you start listening when they're talking about you.'"

"He was so right. Go and see your damned rushes. Who cares?"

"I'll meet you in the projection room," said Englund, winking at me. "There's also an Italian movie. I want you to see it."

"Okay," said Brando.

IN

W. C. FIELDS (continued from page 19)

wasn't exactly furnished with usual parlor furniture—instead, the room was transformed into a pool room, complete with a full-sized billiard table, several high stoolled chairs, cue racks and the markers above the table.

Ebi and I rolled a few balls on the table as we waited for the word to ascend the stairs to Fields' office and den on the second floor. The servant gave us the nod about 11:12 in the morning to greet Fields. He was neatly and freshly dressed, shaved and brushed—and his greeting was, "Ah yes, there you are—emissaries from the little thin man with the cooey voice." We replied with something trite such as, "You look great, Bill," "Nice to see you," "Glad to be here," "It's wonderful to have you on the show." We called him Bill as we had worked with him before on other shows. This, however, was our first visit to his home.

To me, Fields said as he puffed on a cigarette, flicking the ashes daintily, "Ah yes, you haven't changed a bit—you still look like the pastor of the First Church of the Agnostics." Ebi and I laughed although I wasn't quite sure that I liked Fields' description of me.

To Ebi, who was, and still is, a mustachioed movie villain type, Mr. Fields said, "Ah good old Earl—you could have made a fortune as a male whore in a Calcutta bagnio which I visited with Jack Barrymore. Incognito, of course."

With the opening greetings out of the way, Fields called to the servant to bring in a pitcher of morning martinis. When the glasses were filled, Fields held his glass high as if to toast our visit. "This stuff," he glowed, "is the elixir of life—enriches one's genes."

Ebi and I sipped along although we weren't accustomed to strong drink at this early hour. But we partook because we didn't want to offend Fields.

As we drank along and made small talk, I noted upon closer scrutiny that Fields' nose was more bulbous than when I had seen him a couple of years previous—his face was pocked and perforated and quite red—the result, undoubtedly, of too much enrichment of the genes. But his flair for the Fieldsian phrase was still evident. "What does the thin little man want me to do on his radio opera? Is he going to sing at me?"

We explained that the plan was to have a few pages of dialogue and then possibly a duet with Sinatra. "That sounds intriguing," Fields remarked. "I might suggest a dithyramb that I rendered at a bordello in New Orleans during the last stages of my puberty—or, I could

render something from my repertoire when I was a balladmonger playing the Mississippi. The little thin man will love my sonnets, yes, yes he will." He poured another potion from the pitcher.

Obviously, we sensed a slight disapproval of Fields' "Songs for a Bordello" from the pure-in-spirit-Lever Brothers and the still purer-in-spirit J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency, which represented Lever Brothers in producing the radio show. But Ebi and I decided we'd face that problem in a subsequent meeting, as all we wanted to do now was check Fields' physical condition to determine whether he'd be in shape to do the show.

Actually, Fields was enthused at the prospect of appearing with Sinatra and he agreed to do about anything we wanted him to do. So when we left his home, our next step was to invent a skit that would match the great talents of our guest. Writers Larry Marks and Lester Lee and I decided to include a pretty girl who would be introduced to Fields by Sinatra so that Fields could offer the starlet sage advice in the ways of coping with a wolf of Sinatra's stature.

A couple of weeks later, the rehearsal and the show were held at the one-time-Vine Street Theater, now the beautiful Huntington Hartford Theater.

At the afternoon rehearsal, Fields toyed with the language of the script and changed lines to fit his peculiar style and delivery. He also sipped martinis, which were served to him by an attendant. Following each drink, he would take from his vest pocket a few Sen Sens and slip them into his mouth—but the breath tablets weren't of sufficient strength to counteract the booze. I approached Fields to ask him if the script was satisfactory. "Yes, it's a little gem of low-grade literature—just right for the illiterate, acned school girls—they will be well jollied up by the gay whimsicalities we have here."

Noting that there were several speeches crossed out on the script, I asked him if he had many changes. "A few insignificant improvements," he said, "for example, I'll refer to this broad that the thin man is going to present to me as my little twitchy-twatchy—a most endearing term for a virginal lass, which she purports to be."

When Fields said twitchy-twatchy, I ran scared to Ebi and anyone else who would listen. "What'll we do?" I asked. "We can't have him say twitchy-twatchy on the air—it sounds dirty—we'll get kilt."

"You tell him," I suggested to Ebi, "you're the director."

"You tell him," Ebi fired back, "the script is your responsibility." And it was.



(SAM)

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I slowly nudged over to Fields. "Bill," I pleaded, "I wonder if you'd mind not saying twitchy-twitchy--"

"What's wrong with twitchy-twitchy? Your mind is in the septic tank. Twitchy-twitchy is as clean as your mother's drawers on her wedding night."

I pleaded again—but with no success.

"Let's break it down, my thin-livered friend," Fields continued. "What does twitchy mean? It means jittery, nervous, somebody with a tick in his ass could be twitchy—and, as for twitchy, well twitchy is just a little word I coined and dedicated to the little broads who float about this great cultural center. The combination of twitchy and twatchy will convey to the millions of the little man's followers that I am referring to the beautiful young thing who is ecstatically twitchy in the presence of the greatest little second alto since Mortimer Snerd."

As respectfully as I knew how, I again asked Fields to forget his coined little idiom and to follow the words in the script. He refused to hear my argument, walking away from me mumbling, "You've got the guts of an altered chihuahua. Now don't bother me!"

The censor or continuity acceptance man for CBS was in his usual seat at the rehearsal to cock an ear for violations of policy, taste and other items on their purity code. As the rehearsal progressed, Sinatra was in a gay mood. This was a happy coup to have W.C. Fields as his guest, inasmuch as the comedian accepted few engagements at this point.

Sinatra laughed profusely and hilariously at Fields' every line and when he came to the speech where he referred to the starlet as "my little twitchy-twitchy," Sinatra was bent over with laughter and couldn't continue for several minutes. Almost everyone at the rehearsal screamed — except the censor, whose face was a sour one. John Meston, the censor (who later invented *Guns-moke*), hurried backstage to warn me that Fields better not say twitchy-twitchy. If he did, the engineer would be instructed to cut him off the air. In 1943, radio was done live and the only control over blue ad libs was an order to the engineer to cut the mike.

The rehearsal was over and the show time was drawing close. Everything was in order except the deletion of Fields' reference to the girl. I made one last attempt, explaining that if he uttered the forbidden words, we would lose our jobs—that we weren't as wealthy as he—and our families needed bread—and our children would be without sneakers.

"The little man," Fields replied, refer-

ring to Sinatra, "loved my twitchy-twitchy. And he's the star. So leave me to my thoughts." My next move was to implore Sinatra to speak to Fields. Sinatra obliged by saying that it wasn't his job and he didn't intend to offend a great star like Fields just before a show—and besides, Sinatra said, he didn't think the expression sounded too bad. Maybe we were making too much of it.

I gave up. To hell with the job, I said. There wasn't anything more I could do.

Six o'clock came and we were on the air! Axel Stordahl, the musical director, was leading his orchestra in Sinatra's theme. Ken Carpenter, the announcer, with left ear cupped, intoned that this was the Frank Sinatra show, sponsored by Vims Vitamins, and tonight Mr. Sinatra was honored to have as his guest one of the most distinguished comedians in the entertainment world—W. C. Fields.

As the studio audience whistled, applauded, cheered and stomped, I entered the control room to await my fate. Sinatra was in fine voice. His first song was greeted by applause and shrilly screams from his young-girl audience. Now the moment arrived when Fields approached the microphone to read his dialogue with Sinatra and the young starlet. Each line he spoke brought waves of laughter. The line referring to the girl was about to be read. The engineer had his hand on the knob ready to follow orders. Sinatra's line was something like, "Bill, I'd like you to meet a beautiful, young lady. I asked her to drop over just to meet you. Isn't she a dilly?"

Fields glanced at the girl and then at his script and then at the audience. "Ah yes, my pinch-waisted friend, she is a beautiful thing to behold." He then turned to the audience and said, "I coined a delightful little phrase to describe this virgin—but I was asked by a worried minor member of the staff not to say it as the natives out there in radio-land might be offended, and they'd possibly boycott the little things we're selling here tonight."

Of course, we were relieved. The show went on and the audience dug it. The sad part was that this was Fields' last public appearance before his death.

The turning-point in the Sinatra series, by the way, came when Vims gave up its identity as a vitamin—it's now a detergent, in the form of a large tablet which is dropped into the washing machine and the clothes become vitaminized. It seems that Lever Brothers felt that Sinatra was not heavy enough, physically, to symbolize their vitamin pills. W. C. would have gotten jollies out of that. **N**

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